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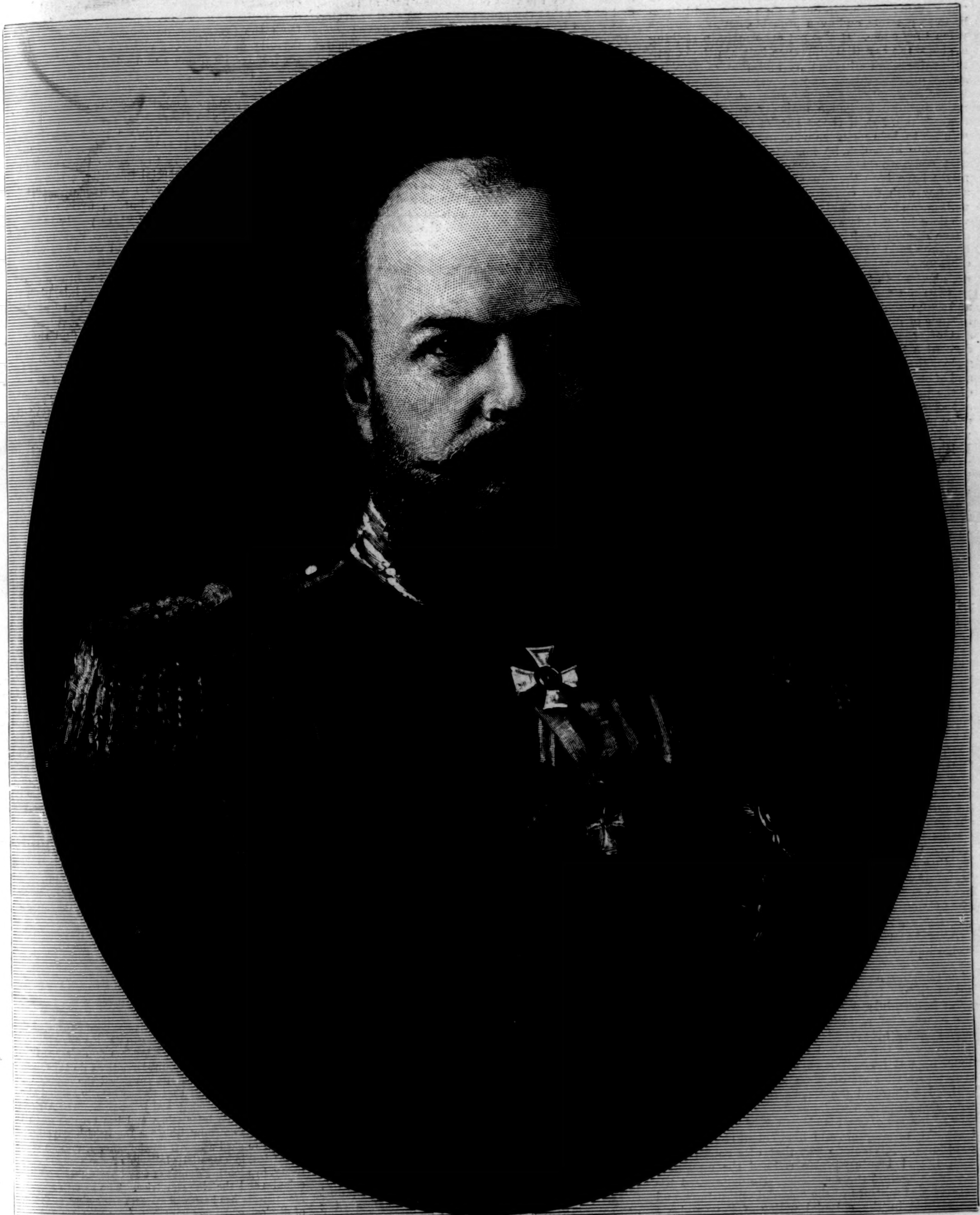

ALEXANDER III., THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA.—[SEE PAGE 1060.]

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THE CRISIS IN GERMANY.

THE retirement of Count CAPRIVI from the Chancellorship of the German Empire was one of those events which, although often discussed beforehand as possible, and even probable, act as surprises when they come. It also put once more in striking evidence the essential difference between the constitutional system of Germany and that of England and of other countries whose governments are strictly parliamentary. CAPRIVI was not compelled to retire because he had a majority in the Reichstag against him, but, if report speaks truly, because he refused to bring government measures before the Reichstag of which he knew that the majority of that body would not approve. At any rate, this might have been the cause of his fall in entire consistency with the constitutional notions there prevailing, and it probably was at the bottom of the whole crisis. It is well known that for some time grave discussions have been going on between the Emperor and CAPRIVI and other members of the government, especially Count OTHO EULENBURG, the president of the Prussian ministry, concerning repressive measures to be taken against the socialists and the anarchists; that the Emperor, who had already in some of his impetuous public speeches preached a sort of crusade against the subversive movements, favored a "vigorous" policy which would involve serious limitations to the freedom of press and speech and of public meeting, and considerable enlargements of the powers of the police; that Count EULENBURG supported the same view; that CAPRIVI advised a more moderate course, partly because he thought it wise in itself, and partly because he believed that the Reichstag would never sanction an extreme policy; that these differences of opinion led to unpleasant bickerings between the ministers, which found their way into the newspapers; that the Emperor, although he valued CAPRIVI so highly that he was inclined to accept the views of the Chancellor, was annoyed at the private and public wrangles between his ministers—which feeling the EULENBURG family fomented to the prejudice of CAPRIVI,—and that finally all of them got tired of the situation, and the trouble was solved by the resignations of both the principal actors.

It is not too much to say that Count CAPRIVI retires with the hearty esteem of civilized mankind. He has proved himself to be not indeed a man of startling genius, but of very sound sense, eminent practical ability, excellent temper, and thoroughly honorable principles. Bred a soldier, he early distinguished himself, and rapidly rose in his profession. He won the respect and confidence of the government in such a degree that, although an army officer, he was put at the head of the navy as chief of the admiralty, in which capacity he displayed an extraordinary talent as an organizer and administrator. He acted upon the very sensible principle—a principle the correctness of which will become more and more apparent as events enlarge our experiences of the peculiarities of modern naval warfare—that a navy like that of Germany is much more benefited by building a number of swift cruisers than by burdening itself with heavy battle-ships; and Germany will have to regret that this wise policy was abandoned after CAPRIVI had left the admiralty to enter upon new fields of duty.

After the retirement of BISMARCK the Emperor called him to the chancellorship of the empire. To be upon the great stage of the world the successor of so immense a personality as BISMARCK was a task apt to dismay the stoutest heart. CAPRIVI entered upon it certainly not without misgivings, but with the courage of a dutiful officer wont to obey the commands of his sovereign. Knowing that he could not overawe the political parties as BISMARCK had done, he put himself with exquisite tact on pleasant terms with all of them, and won their good-will. He charmed the Reichstag and the country with his ability as a parliamentary speaker, the easy flow of his language, his clearness of statement, the force of his reasoning, and his evident sincerity and good faith. His course was that of a conservative with liberal leanings. He relaxed the repressive measures against the socialists. He deprecated the extravagant schemes of the colonial enthusiasts, and maintained in the colonial policy of the empire a wise moderation. He propitiated Great Britain by prudent concessions in Africa, and obtained the cession of the island of Helgoland, near the German coast, in return. His foreign policy was conciliatory and just, and not only contributed materially to the maintenance of the world's peace, but served to draw closer the ties which united Germany, Austria, and Italy in the famous Triple Alliance.

The most distinguishing feature of his policy was a change from extreme protectionism to a freer commercial intercourse with other nations. In this line he concluded commercial treaties with Austria-Hungary, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Roumania; and he achieved a particular triumph in the commercial convention with Russia, which was not only of high importance as to the economic well-being of the two countries, but had a peculiar political significance, inasmuch as its conclusion followed closely upon the turbulent Franco-Russian fraternization occasioned by the visit of a Russian fleet at Toulon, and proved that the peaceable relations between Germany and Russia were as well assured as ever.

But his liberal economic policy excited hostile feelings in the camps of the protectionists and of the large landholders—the so-called agrarians, whose protective duties on agricultural products had been interfered with—and CAPRIVI was exposed to an incessant and malignant warfare from those political sets which included the extreme conservatives and reactionists. He vigorously maintained his ground against them down to the time of his retirement. But although this retirement had nothing to do with his economic policy, it is naturally hailed by the ultra-protectionists, the agrarians, and the extreme conservatives with a shout of delight. This shout will, indeed, not disturb the high estimation in which CAPRIVI is held by civilized mankind. But seeing in the fall of the man whom they regarded and hated as the principal obstacle in the way of their designs an encouragement and an opportunity, it is probable that the extremists on the conservative side will now make especial efforts in the direction of reactionary measures, using the excited feeling against the socialists among the ruling classes as a point of support. And it must be admitted that the retirement of CAPRIVI was received by the liberals in Germany with great misgivings in that respect.

These portents of evil, however, have by no means been confirmed by the appointment of Prince HOHENLOHE-SCHILLINGSFUERST as Count CAPRIVI'S successor. This statesman has proved himself in his long public career not only a man of ability, but of eminent good sense, moderate views, strength of will, and a warm national spirit. Although a conservative, it is by no means likely that he will lend himself to reactionary designs; nor is it probable that if the young Emperor seriously entertained such designs he would have selected Prince HOHENLOHE to put them into execution. But the new Chancellor is seventy-five years old, and even if he still has the vigor necessary for his difficult place, yet in the natural course of things there will be another change before long; and this circumstance gives the present arrangement a provisional character calculated to stimulate the ambitions of discontented parties and to keep the public mind in a state of uncertainty and unrest. From all these points of view the retirement of Count CAPRIVI, although not immediately bringing forth striking and dangerous changes of policy, may be regarded as one of the unpropitious events of the day.

THE FARMERS AND THE SUGAR TRUST.

NEWS comes from Germany that the government has discovered that American beef is infected with Texas fever, and that therefore it must be prohibited from coming into the country. This is a sad blow at the American cattle-grower and packer. During the fiscal year 1893 the value of fresh beef products exported from this country to Germany was $829,652. It is now proposed that this market shall be closed to the American farmer; that his beef already shipped shall be thrown on his hands, and that the price of what is left shall be lowered by decreasing the demand for it.

If the reason given by the German government for its action furnished the real explanation, the blow would be no less severe, but it might be accepted by its victims with the grace that bows to unavoidable fate. But Texas fever is not the cause of the German government's refusal to admit American beef into the country. The reports of our own experts make it doubtful, indeed, if any of the cattle that have been killed for the export trade have been touched by Texas fever. Moreover, it is denied by the authorities of the Agricultural Department that Texas fever is infectious. The Germans, nevertheless, who are usually open to conviction, especially in matters resting on science, are obdurate. Nor do they hesitate in private to admit the true reason for their war on the American farmer, which is the discriminating duty prescribed by the tariff act against German beet sugars. The new law prescribes a tax of one-tenth of a cent a pound on sugars coming from any country which pays a bounty to the producers. Germany pays such a bounty, and therefore sugars coming thence to this country must pay a higher tax than those coming from countries not giving bounties to their producers.

Therefore the blow at our agricultural interests comes from our own government. It is one of the fruits of its protective legislation, and especially of the corrupt triumph of the Sugar Trust, aided by the Senators who transferred their allegiance from the government and their States to the monopoly which was able to procure the legislation that will add millions to its annual profits. These profits must come from the pockets of the people. The direct levy is made upon the consumers of sugar, but the indirect levy, as with all tariff taxes, is the heaviest, and falls, again like most of our tariff taxes, on the farmer, who is our chief exporter.

It is not the part of wisdom for the German government to retaliate on our farmers by making meat dear to its own people. But Germany is suffering from the protection madness, and believes in the divinity of taxation. Therefore it is quite within the logic of its framers and administrators of law to compel their own people to share in the punishment which our Sugar Trust and Sugar Senators have brought upon the American cattle-raiser and packer. The folly of the German government, however, is not a matter with which we need greatly trouble ourselves. What it behooves this country to do as quickly as possible is to remove the cause of Germany's act of commercial hostility. From the beginning of our history as a government the protective tariff has been a burden upon our farmers, which they bore for many years partly in the hope of the elusive home market that was promised to them, but mainly because land was cheap and rich and local taxes low in agricultural communities. But of late the burden has been too heavy for them. Dear implements and building materials, high living expenses, and low prices in Europe have made them poor and discontented. They have revolted against the cause of their miseries only to find themselves directly and grievously injured by the party to which they trusted for their relief. In view of the injury which is now threatened, as well as of the many years of injury they have endured, it is hardly a matter for wonder that the farmers of this country have been seeking escape in all kinds of economic insanities.

This last wrong to them is susceptible of speedy remedy. American beef is to be excluded from Germany, and no doubt the exclusion of American pork will follow, because of the sugar schedule in the new tariff law. The Trust bought more than the right to increase its gains by making sugar dearer. It accomplished more than the degradation of the Senate. It brought on a commercial war between this country and Germany of which the already tariff-oppressed farmer is the chief victim. Even without this incentive it was the duty of Congress to pass the free sugar bill that is now before the Senate. In view of this act of retaliation, which was foreseen and predicted by Mr. CARLISLE, their duty becomes all the clearer. Probably this incident will arouse a public sentiment, or at least so concentrate it that the Senate will not be able to resist it. The friends of tariff reform have a new weapon in their war against the Sugar Trust. It is incredible that the Sugar Trust Senators who were able to stand up shamelessly against the appeals and protests of the outraged virtue of the country will be bold enough to resist the demand of the agricultural interests for justice. At all events, it is plainly the duty of Congress to remove at once the cause of the war which Germany has declared against our farmers.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN AFRICA.

WHY was the sudden meeting of the British cabinet called at an unusual and inconvenient time on the 4th of October, when ministers are hunting, or making speeches to their constituents? This question has agitated the British press for five weeks. At first it was supposed that the pressing subject was the invitation issued to the powers to join the empire in imposing peace on China and Japan. This was a natural deduction, since the invitation was actually issued—and immediately declined. But it is authoritatively denied that the proposed interference in the war in the Orient was the subject of the cabinet meeting. What was that important and immediate subject?

Among the other solutions, it has been suggested that the ministers were called together to discuss the strained relations between the United Kingdom and France in Africa. While it is true that strained relations do exist, it is more likely that domestic affairs furnished the occasion for the hasty cabinet council that has so greatly excited the mind of the British politicians and journalists. The African question, however, is interesting, and has become more important to the two countries since the British government undertook to steal a march on the other European occupants of Africa, in essential violation of the Congo Free State treaty, by securing a right of way between the South African colonies and the Nile countries. The French movement in Madagascar has hastened matters somewhat, with the result of disclosing the fact that it is very far from the intention of the British to engage in war over colonial questions in that part of the world, at least with a power so near England as her neighbor on the other side of the Channel.

The French have possessed for some years a curious pro

tectorate over Madagascar, which is the third largest island in the world. Since 1885 it has demanded the right to grant the exequaturs of foreign consuls. This has not been denied by the government of the Hova Queen, but there has been difference of opinion and conflict, and it is clear that the jingo party in France, under the lead of M. Hanotaux, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is determined to extend the French power, and practically take the island entirely under its protection. Naturally it was expected that England would resent this. Her trade with Madagascar is the largest; next to it comes that of the United States. The trade of France is comparatively unimportant. Moreover, the route from the Cape to India is not only of the first importance to the South African colonies, but it is what is known as the alternative route from England to India. The possession of Madagascar, therefore, by a power like France, having a navy capable of giving a good account of itself against any maritime force in the world, would seem to be most disturbing to British pride, and threatening to the interests of the British Empire and British colonies.

Notwithstanding the apparent occasion for British indignation and opposition to the French intentions in Madagascar, the London press, Conservative as well as Liberal, is advising the government that there is no reason why this episode should lead to war between France and Great Britain, or even to a diplomatic quarrel. The reason given is that Englishmen ought not to stand in the way of French colonization in Morocco, or on the west coast, or in Madagascar. England has as much as she can look after now. This is strange reasoning to come from the great colonizers of the world, and indicates the difficulties of existing colonial problems. More than this, it is argued that Great Britain already possesses enough of a vantage-ground for the care of her own interests in the waters bordering Southeast Africa, and for the protection of her alternative water and its commerce. This is the pre-emption granted to her by Portugal in 1891 over Delagoa Bay, which is on the Mozambique Channel, opposite Madagascar, and is a fine roadstead capable in case of necessity of being turned into a naval depot and arsenal. The difficulty with this solace is that Portugal seems to be about to grant to the Transvaal the proprietorship of the bay. However, British statesmen are quite likely to conclude that they will be able to deal with Portugal, and, besides, there is a general notion that the Transvaal is almost ripe for the plucking.

Whatever comes of the question—whether France persists in taking full possession of Madagascar, or British influence fails to make good its claim to Delagoa Bay—there is not likely to be any war in Africa. There is no sign of any happening that will drive Great Britain into a war on account of anything less than the defence of what she actually possesses. There is, on the other hand, strong evidence that, so far as aggression and the protection of speculative interests are concerned, the colonies have cost the mother country all the blood and money that she will expend in their behalf.

ADULTERATED FOODS IN OHIO.

Eight years ago the State of Ohio passed a law establishing the office of "Dairy and Food Commissioner," the incumbent of which was to be "charged with the enforcement of all laws against fraud and adulteration or impurities in foods, drinks, or drugs, and unlawful labelling." Since that time various clauses looking to better protection against fraud in the production and sale of food products and drugs have been added, until now it is claimed that the laws of Ohio in this regard are superior to those of any other State, and only approached by those of Massachusetts.

The early work of the Ohio commission was directed chiefly against adulterated food and drinks. As preliminary to enforcement of the new laws, it subjected samples of numerous articles of diet in common use to chemical and microscopic analysis. The rather startling results furnished a basis for numerous arrests and prosecutions, most of which led to conviction and punishment of the erring dealers and manufacturers. An account of these things, as contained in a recently issued official report of the commissioner, Dr. F. B. McNeal, is most interesting reading.

Here, for example, we are told of baking-powders which, besides being half starch to begin with, contain large quantities of alum and phosphoric acid; of "buckwheat" flour that is fifty per cent. corn meal and wheat flour; of ground "cinnamon" that is two-thirds flour, ground crackers, and foreign bark; of "coffee" that is three-fourths pea shells, chiccory, and rye; of "cream tartar" that is impure gypsum; of "currant," "strawberry," and other jellies compounded of apples, glucose, aniline dyes, compound ethers, and mineral acids; of "butter" that never made the acquaintance of a cow; of "pepper" that is a strange conglomeration of cocoanut shells, rice, rice shells, and bread or crackers; of "wines" innocent of grape juice, of "pure leaf lards" that trace their lineage direct to the cotton-seed; of "olive oils" that are cousins-german to the "lards"; and of "molasses" and "maple syrups" and "honeys" and allied sweets whose chief constituent proves to be glucose.

Whatever other feeling one may experience on running over the list, of which this is a partial synopsis, his chief emotion is pretty sure to be a feeling of indignation. For, despite the statement of the late Mr. Barnum to the contrary, no one really likes to be humbugged. We may pay twenty-five cents for a cent's worth of glucose stained with aniline and labelled "jelly," but the person who sells it to us will not be fortified in our estimation or insured our future patronage by disclosure of the fraud he has practised upon us. The wholesale grocers of Ohio understood this when they joined together with open coffers last fall to defeat the commissioner who had exposed the prevailing methods of food adulteration. And the people furnished the best possible refutation of Mr. Barnum's aphorism when they cried the grocers down, and re-elected the commissioner.

Stimulated to renewed efforts by this evidence of popular approval, the Ohio commission has recently extended its field of operations by bringing the druggists within the scope of its inquiry. Here is a field even more fruitful than the other, and a fight is on of which the end is not yet. The commission declares, to cite but a single case of illustration, that a certain very widely advertised alleged medicinal and fattening food, which sells for a dollar a bottle, is in reality only our old friend glucose in disguise. The firm that has thus solved the problem of the alchemists naturally shows fight, and the legal battle that is pending will probably not be decided in a single court. This of course is only a test case, precursory of many others.

Unless the patent-medicine venders can prove the chemists at fault by very competent evidence, the sympathy of a long-victimized public will certainly be with the Ohio commission in its new crusade. In any event, the commission is doing a fine work, and one that should speedily be imitated in other States. As a stimulus thereto, it may interest people at large to know that car-loads of adulterated foods are now being shipped out of Ohio, their sale there having been rendered too hazardous by the activity of the commission; while Eastern manufacturers have been warned by Ohio dealers that they must warrant supplies or lose their custom. It is plain, therefore, that there are gratifying elements of practical efficiency about the laws that protect citizens of Ohio against fraudulent adulteration of their eatables and drinkables. It is equally plain that other States must follow this good example, and that those that are last to do so may feel sure of having the largest percentage of adulterated manufactures supplied their residents.

THE SITUATION IN THE EAST.

There seems to be a fair prospect that the threatened Quadruple Alliance may find its occupation gone before it has time to begin business in the East. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished in the best interests of everybody. Japan may reasonably wish it, and even make some sacrifice to secure it. The island empire can most assuredly make better terms with her unwieldy neighbor now than she can hope to do when so many want something that each will feel jealous of any one getting too much. In the end, indeed, Japan might find that her share grew small enough, and that her men and money had been chiefly, if not altogether, spent for the benefit of the Western strangers. History has seen such things before, and in its main results, at least, history is apt to repeat itself. China may pray for it, if she ever prays for anything. She, at any rate, will find it cheap to settle with one creditor rather than compound with five. What composition might satisfy the five, indeed, no man can foresee, but that it would be an ample one no one need doubt. Tonquin rectified for France, Burmah for England, Siberia for Russia. These, with some little unconsidered trifle for Germany, would mean much to China—so much, indeed, that they would probably be the beginning of the end, if not for the empire, at any rate for the present reigning house.

Nor need the high contracting parties to the proposed alliance be very sorry should the scheme prove abortive at the very outset. Alliances for such purposes are dangerous things, and more than once in the experience of the past an alliance of the strong to coerce the weak has recoiled in war and disaster upon the allies themselves. When nations, like individuals, go a-plundering, it is not always well to have too many partners. Four do seem rather a large party, and the habit of fighting is a dangerous one; there is no telling where it will stop.

The moral of the tale would seem to be: let Japan be reasonable in the hour of her triumph. She can well afford to be so, and no one can guess how ill she may be able to afford an opposite policy. If Japan is to have the great career in the Eastern world which in many ways she appears to deserve, she will act wisely by not giving occasion for too much European neighborhood and too overshadowing a European influence at the gates of eastern Asia.

AN ART PILGRIMAGE FROM CLEVELAND.

For several years past, and specially since the World's Fair at Chicago, there has been a general desire on the part of Cleveland people to be better acquainted with both art and artists. The Cleveland Art Association has endeavored in various ways to gratify this desire. Last winter this association gave an exhibition—the proceeds being distributed in charity—and a course of lectures, the lecturers being men who could speak of art with authority, this winter the lecture course is to be repeated, and there is to be another exhibition, of a more ambitious nature. The effort now—and the effort is so earnest that it is sure to succeed—is to secure from American painters pictures which will make the exhibition a good representative collection of contemporaneous work. A jury will award prizes, and the winning pictures will be purchased for the Art Museum, which has an endowment of several millions of dollars, and which is to be erected in Wade Park. Further, the profits of the exhibition will be spent in buying pictures that have been exhibited for the same museum.

But the art movement in the Ohio city, which in Euclid Avenue has one of the most beautiful streets in the world, has given rise to a novel pilgrimage—an art pilgrimage—to the other and older cities of the country. Some of the more zealous members of the Art Association determined to hire a special train of cars and start out on a tour some time this autumn. The managers of the project were surprised and gratified to receive many applications from teachers in the public schools. These could not go except in holiday-times, so the pilgrimage has been deferred till Christmas week. Then the special train will leave Cleveland for Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. The Art Association has been in correspondence with artists **and owners of art-galleries in these various cities, and arrangements** have been perfected so that, with the greatest economy of time and under local guidance, the pilgrims will be able to see all of the art treasures of these places. These pilgrims will not start out merely for pleasure, but in an entirely earnest spirit, and this gives a dignity and an importance to their novel pilgrimage, in which lovers of art cannot fail to take an interest. The public schools of Cleveland have long ranked very high among the educational institutions of the country, and the desire of the teachers of these schools to take every advantage in further cultivation gives us some inkling why this should be so.

Last year there was a strong effort made in Cleveland to prevent the erection of an inartistic and inappropriate soldiers' monument in the most central part of the city. The effort failed, but the vigorous fight that was made was most commendable. When a thing of the kind is attempted in New York, or in Philadelphia, or in Washington, there are also protests, but they are mild compared with the stubborn resistance of the good people of Cleveland. Our protests sound like small voices in the night, while the Cleveland protestants fired broadsides of shotted cannon, and invoked the aid of the courts of law. They lost, but they came out of the engagement a united body of earnest men and women, determined to so educate their friends and neighbors that a repetition of such an outrage on good public taste would be impossible. And it seems to us that they have gone about their work in a practical way, which speaks well for their good sense, and gives promise for its abundant success in the future. The art pilgrims from Cleveland should receive a hospitable welcome whithersoever they go, and to the exhibitions in Cleveland should be freely sent the best pictures that American art-lovers have in their galleries.

NEW YORK'S CHARITIES APPROPRIATION.

Not long ago the president of the New York County Visiting Committee of the State Charities Aid Association published a letter calling attention to certain needs of the city's charitable institutions. Half a dozen specifications were made, and it was intimated that the list might be prolonged almost indefinitely. The main object of the letter, however, was not so much to point out specific defects of the Department of Charities and Correction as to call public attention to the fact that the time was at hand when the Board of Apportionment would meet to determine what sum shall be appropriated for these institutions for next year. This appropriation, the writer states, "defines within narrow limits what the Commissioners of Charities and Correction can for a year to come accomplish as servants of the public"; and the letter continues: "Is not this, therefore, the time when a watchful press should scrutinize the plans [of the Board of Apportionment], insist upon the supply of sufficient means for useful ends, and protest against ill-judged expenditures?" Further on the hope is expressed that "the community, being informed, will give some heed to these things."

This letter was timely, and its suggestions are salutary. Moreover, there is some reason to hope that its warning will not go unheeded. It is true that similar warnings in the past have been unavailing. Successive Boards of Apportionment, in their efforts to make political capital by appearing to be zealous as to the expenditure of public moneys, have year after year cut down the appropriations for the Department of Charities and Correction, apparently quite without regard for the real needs of the city's unfortunate wards. As charitable institutions come but little under the eye of the general public, and their needs are not very fully understood by the "watchful press," the Board of Apportionment could stint them at will, and not only escape opprobrium, but actually gain credit for "economy." Year after year this has been done, and when from time to time attention has been called to the disgraceful condition of our eleemosynary institutions, their deficiencies have usually been ascribed to defective or vicious internal management, and until recently the public has been but little informed as to how the managers of the institutions have been hampered by defective appropriations.

But of late a good deal of light has been let in upon a subject hitherto obscure. Last spring, when an attack was made upon the city asylums for the insane, it was stated in the editorial columns of Harper's Weekly that the deficiencies of our asylums were due not to defects of internal management, but to insufficient appropriations for their needs. Attention was called to the fact that whereas State asylums had a weekly per capita expenditure of more than $4, the allowance for the city asylums is at most $2 80. Shortly afterward the Grand Jury, which had been asked to investigate the condition of the asylums, made a report of similar tenor, exonerating the asylum physicians, and officially arraigning the Board of Apportionment for appropriating sums insufficient for the needs of the asylums.

When it is stated that the other institutions of this department are even less liberally provided for than the asylums, the full extent of the delinquencies of our Boards of Apportionment will be understood. And now that these delinquencies have been given general publicity, we may reasonably share the hope of the president of the Charities Aid Association that a watchful press and an aroused community will put forth efforts in behalf of the city's dependents, and that these efforts will not be in vain. The charitable institutions of this richest of Western cities have long enough disgraced her. The first step toward their reformation must be a sufficient monetary provision to meet their actual and patent needs. The provisional estimates of moneys to be allowed them for 1895 are now being made by the Board of Apportionment. Before being finally acted upon, these estimates must be published in full in the *City Record*. The press will therefore have ample opportunity to scrutinize and criticise them.

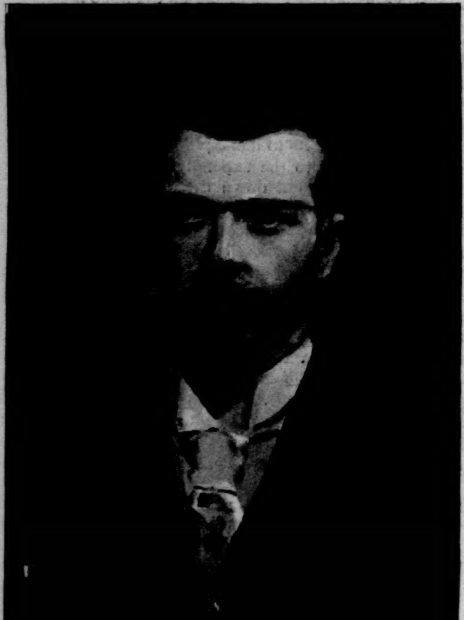
THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

For weeks past it has been believed that the Emperor of Russia was mortally ill. The public has believed this, but the news that has been given out has been conflicting, as news nearly always is when subject to official censorship. But those who have seen the Emperor at any time during the past year have noticed that he had lost much of that splendid health so befitting to a man of his magnificent proportions. They therefore were prepared to believe that he was really dying from one of those insidious diseases of the kidneys which appear to baffle medical skill. And so it was, for on the first day of this month, at three in the afternoon the Emperor Alexander III., commonly spoken of as "Czar of all the Russias," died in Livadia, whither he had gone in search of a more kindly climate than that near St. Petersburg.

For several years it has been recognized by those who kept a close watch of European diplomacy that the Emperor of Russia was the strongest influence at work to preserve the *status quo* and prevent a general war. In the war between France and Germany his sympathies were with France, though those of his father, Alexander II., were all for Germany. And in recent years, though there has been no formal treaty to that effect, it has been always well understood that in case Germany should be the aggressor and provoke another conflict with France Russia would not be an idle spectator. But at the same time the French have been made to understand that the Emperor of Russia was in favor of peace, and would not be a party to any idle war on Germany for the sake of revenge. In such ways his influence in Europe has been powerfully pacific, and has done much to keep in healthy coolness the passions of both the Germans and the French. In pushing Russian interests into India the Emperor has kept England always on tenter-hooks, so that this great power has been indisposed, apart from her traditional policy, to enter into alliances which might call for her to take an active part in case other powers came to blows. Indeed, the whole policy of the ruler who has just passed away appears to have been in the interest of European peace.

Taking this one view of his career, and remembering what a great war means in the way of hardship and suffering, it is difficult to think of him except as a good and a humane man. It is said that what he saw of warfare in the contest between Turkey and Russia, when nominally he commanded two army corps, gave him a most profound horror of it.

This was shown in so pronounced a way that he has sometimes been accused of personal cowardice. But probably there was nothing in this, though unquestionably the Nihilists and other revolutionists were fond of thinking of him and representing him as cowering with fear, and always in abject terror of his life. During his illness, indeed, writers for the press, both in England and America, have attributed his disease to the wearing effects of constant fear and worry. But Alexander was not that kind of man. He was a simple, kindly, unaffected man, who believed profoundly that he was called by God to be the ruler of his people and the head of his Church, and that he would continue to do so as long as such was the design of Providence. He therefore worried much less about himself than the detectives and other officials pretended that there was need that he should. He was fond of going about the cities in which he happened to be unattended and unobserved, and he gratified this taste so far as it was possible for so conspicuous a man to do. A giant, six feet three inches in height, and large in other dimensions in proportion, could not escape attention in the country of which he was the supreme ruler.



NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

Alexander II., it will be remembered, liberated the Russian serfs, and was considered to hold more modern notions as to personal liberty than any other person who ever sat on the Russian throne. He was called, as Lincoln was called in America, the Great Liberator, but he did not act quickly enough to suit the notions of the new revolutionary party, the Nihilists. So, after various attempts on his life, he was assassinated by the firing of a bomb in 1881. Then the Emperor who has just died came to the throne, and because he kept himself a long time in retirement before his formal coronation the Nihilists were pleased to think that the new ruler was afraid of them. But from the beginning of his reign to the close he has never wavered in a determination to stamp out the plotters. He conceived the idea, or adopted it, that the education at the universities of more men than could be actively employed in the learned professions was dangerous, as such men were indisposed to do the more ordinary kinds of work, and in idleness naturally became political plotters. He therefore discouraged among certain classes the higher forms of education, and for this he has been accused of being an enemy to the civilization of his people.

MARIE FEODOROVNA, THE EMPRESS DOWAGER.

In America we have been profoundly stirred by the stories we have read of the hardships of the prisoners, political and criminal, who are sent to the mines in Siberia, and very many of us, knowing the absolute authority of the Russian Emperor, have been inclined to hold him responsible for all this. But it might be well for us to remember, and before forming judgment to consider, that the Russian prison system was established long before Alexander III. came to the throne. The system no doubt is barbarous, but then the Russian people are themselves only about half civilized, and it may be that the system is as suitable for them as any other. Mr. Francis D. Miller, who has been much in Russia, and who is as shrewd an observer as can be found, not excepting Mr. Kennan, has always maintained that the hardships which excite our sympathies are not hardships to these Russians at all, but that the method of ameliorating them suggested by the kind-hearted American reformers would, if adopted, be considered by the Russian criminals as the most intolerable hardships. For instance, we have shuddered at the idea of the prisoners being made to walk long marches, and then not be permitted to take off their clothes at night. Mr. Miller assures us that a Russian peasant never takes off his clothes if he can help it.

We have in America also sometimes felt that the Emperor of Russia was a most cruel monarch on account of his treatment of the Jews within his dominions. There is another than a merely superficial way to look at this matter.

The Russian peasants recently liberated from serfdom are very much in the same benighted condition as the negroes rescued from slavery in America. And like the negroes in the South, they are as a general thing agriculturists. Now the Jew in Russia is like the Jew in other parts of the world, much disinclined to manual labor, and very fond of lending money at high rates of interest. The Russian Jew money-lender became so dominant in agricultural Russia that it was seen several years ago that the liberated serfs had fallen into a worse slavery than they were in before their liberation, and that now they were in a great measure the absolute property of these money-lenders, who had beguiled them into debt. It was to put an end to this condition that Alexander III. determined that the Jews should be sent out of Russia. His method of accomplishing his purpose may have had in it elements of cruelty, but then no such radical measure could have been executed with gentleness, and probably a less radical treatment would not have been efficacious. These two views are not set down in defence of the measure, but rather as suggestions to enable us to arrive at correct opinions of the man who ruled over such a vast empire and so many millions of men.

Alexander III., who was born in 1845, was a second son. He was educated, however, with his elder brother, Nicholas, who seemed destined for a so much greater career. The elder brother was clever, but delicate; the younger was as strong as an ox, and generally considered to be as dull as he was strong and amiable. He was intended for the army, but in 1865 the Czarowitz Nicholas died of a fever in Nice, and the scheme of Alexander's life was changed. The Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister of the Princess of Wales, was betrothed to Nicholas. Alexander not only inherited his brother's titles and prospects, but also his intended bride. In something over a year the new Czarowitz and the Danish Princess, who had joined the Greek Church, and assumed the Russian name of Marie Feodorovna, were married, and the world has not often had an opportunity to look upon a happier union than was theirs. He was kept busy in preparing himself for the duties that were likely at any time to devolve upon him, his special instructors being De Grimm and Pobiedonostseff, while the great Gortschakoff gave him lessons in international politics.

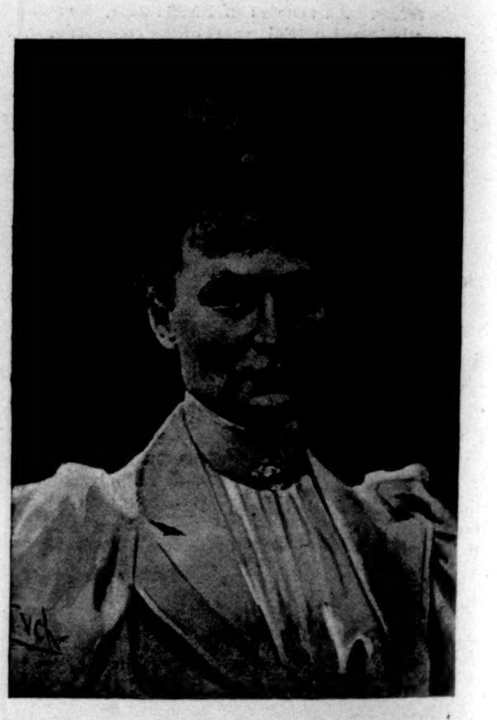
During the war with Turkey, Alexander saw active service, and participated in the hard fighting at Schumla and Rustchuk and the bloody struggles in front of Plevna. After his father's murder, in 1881, he issued a manifesto asserting his absolute authority, and then retired to Gatchina, where he remained in seclusion till his public coronation. Those who have been pleased to regard him as a heartless tyrant have sometimes advanced the view that the liberal ideas which he cultivated in his youth were changed at this time, when he abandoned all of his plans of liberal reform. If this view be correct, then his mentor and early tutor, Pobiedonostseff, must have changed his ideas also, for the Emperor never ceased to rely more confidently upon his advice than upon that of any one else. Indeed, he raised him from a professorship in the University of Moscow to be Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, one of the most powerful positions in the empire. One of his first acts was to substitute Count Ignatieff for General Loris-Melikoff as Minister of the Interior, and so soon as the veteran Gortschakoff retired he appointed De Giers in his place as Minister of Foreign Affairs. This was an exhibition of Pan-Slavist tendencies which was gratifying to the Russians, but not reassuring to the Austrians and Germans.

After the famous meeting of the three Emperors in 1884, it was apparent to all European diplomatists that Alexander did not mean to meddle in Western politics. He was willing to be friendly with all, so long as they all remained friendly with one another. Even when Prince Alexander had broken loose from the restraints put upon him by General Skobeleff, and had taken possession of eastern Roumelia, the Emperor, by simply refusing to do anything, compelled him to abdicate. He closed his eyes to the kidnapping of Prince Alexander, but gave no encouragement or recognition to Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, who was chosen to the vacant princedom. But in Eastern affairs he was more aggressive. In 1881 he concluded a treaty with China by which, in exchange for a cession of territory, Russia received a large sum of money, and the right to establish consulates throughout Mongolia, and to advance her caravans to the Great Wall, with the right of trade throughout that region. In central Asia the Russian Empire was extended to the limits of Afghanistan on the south and Thibet on the east, and Great Britain became most seriously alarmed as to the permanency of her Indian Empire. After the war scare had frightened the English as they have seldom been frightened, a commission was agreed upon to settle the frontier between English and Russian territory.

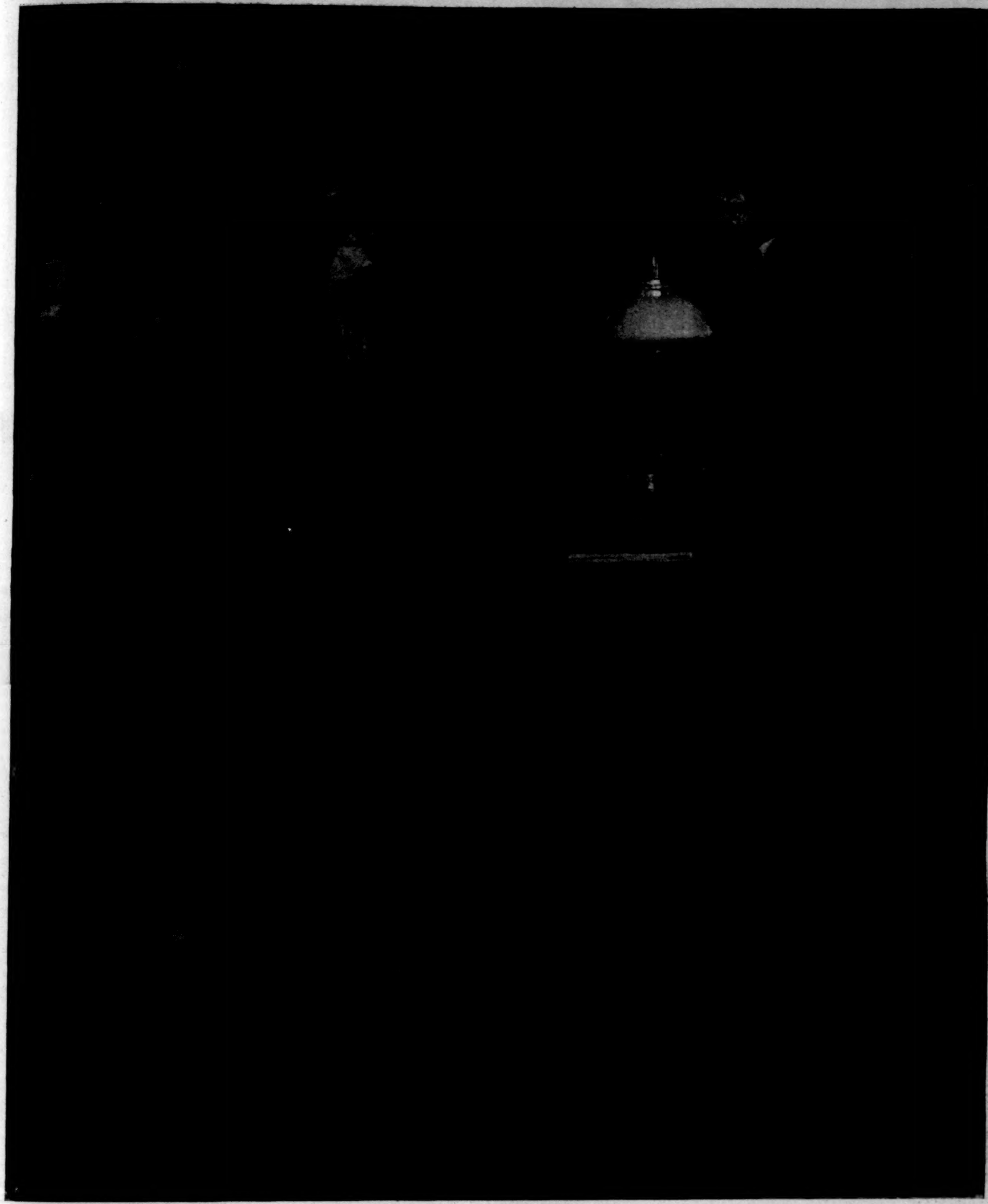
At home the Emperor was engaged in cementing together his vast territory by the construction of the Trans-Caspian Railway, which was finished as far as Mero in July, 1886, and was a most admirable defence of Russian influence in the territory. In the same year the Emperor turned the free port of Batoom into a maritime fortress, and placed a fleet of war-ships in the Black Sea. This was in direct defiance of one of the most important acts of the Congress of Berlin. In his attitude towards the Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy, and his informal friendship for France, he held secure the balance of power in Europe and secured the peace.

But while he has been steadfastly an enemy of war, he has always been prepared for it. The army has been immensely improved, and a powerful navy has been created from almost nothing. In the administration of the army and of the civil branches of the government great reforms have been introduced, so that honesty in buying supplies and issuing them is exacted as rigidly as in other European countries. Alexander has always been conscious of the great responsibility that rested upon him, and he has been an indefatigable worker. Even during his last illness he did not relinquish the affairs of state until his strength was entirely spent. His faults were the faults of the system which had been made for him by his predecessors and his people, and if he had a hope to change it the time given him has been both short and unpropitious.

His family consisted of three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Nicholas Alexandrovitch, is now twenty-six years old, and before this paper goes to press he will doubtless have proclaimed himself Emperor. He is said to be in delicate health, and disposed to epilepsy. How much truth there is in this it is hard to say. He is betrothed to Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, who arrived in Livadia two weeks before the Emperor's death. Not much is known in Europe of the political predilections of the young man who will now rule Russia. Until he has discovered himself there will necessarily be much unrest. All Europe will be on the anxious seat till the son shows whether or not he means to continue his father's pacific policies.



PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE-DARMSTADT,
The Czar's Betrothed.



"'AUSTIN,' SHE SAID, 'I HAVE COME TO TELL YOU OUR ENGAGEMENT IS AT AN END.'"—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

THE PARASITE.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "MICAH CLARKE," "ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES," ETC., ETC.

PART I.

MARCH 24TH.—The spring is fairly with us now. Outside my laboratory window the great chestnut-tree is all covered with the big glutinous gummy buds, some of which have already begun to break into little green shuttlecocks. As you walk down the lanes you are conscious of the rich silent forces of Nature working all around you. The wet earth smells fruitful and luscious. Green shoots are peeping out everywhere. The twigs are stiff with their sap, and the moist heavy English air is laden with a faintly resinous perfume. Buds in the hedges, lambs beneath them—everywhere the work of reproduction going forward!

I can see it without and I can feel it within. We also have our spring, when the little arterioles dilate, the lymph flows in a brisker stream, the glands work harder, winnowing and straining. Every year Nature readjusts the whole machine. I can feel the ferment in my blood at this very moment, and as the cool sunshine pours through my window I could dance about in it like a gnat. So I should, only that Charles Sadler would rush up stairs to know what was the matter. Besides, I must remember that I am Professor Gilroy. An old professor may afford to be natural, but when fortune has given one of the first chairs in the university to a man of four-and-thirty, he must try and act the part consistently.

What a fellow Wilson is! If I could only throw the same enthusiasm into physiology that he does into psychology, I should become a Claude Bernard, at the least. His whole life and soul and energy work to one end. He drops to sleep collating his results of the past day, and he wakes to plan his researches for the coming one. And yet outside the narrow circle who follow his proceedings he gets so little credit for it. Physiology is a recognized science. If I add even a brick to the edifice, every one sees and applauds it. But Wilson is trying to dig the foundations for a science of the future. His work is underground, and does not show. Yet he goes on uncomplainingly, corresponding with a hundred semi-maniacs in the hope of finding one reliable witness, sifting a hundred lies on the chance of gaining one little speck of truth, collating old books, devouring new ones, experimenting, lecturing, trying to light up in others the fiery interest which is consuming him. I am filled with wonder and admiration when I think of him, and yet when he asks me to associate myself with his researches I am compelled to tell him that in their present state they offer little attraction to a man who is devoted to exact science. If he could show me something positive and objective I might then be tempted to approach the question from its physiological side. So long as half his subjects are tainted with charlatanry and the other half with hysteria we physiologists must content ourselves with the body, and leave the mind to our descendants.

No doubt I am a materialist. Agatha says that I am a rank one. I tell her that is an excellent reason for shortening our engagement, since I am in such urgent need of her spirituality. And yet I may claim to be a curious example of the effect of education upon temperament, for by nature I am, unless I deceive myself, a highly psychic man. I was a nervous, sensitive boy, a dreamer, a somnambulist, full of impressions and intuitions. My black hair, my dark eyes, my thin olive face, my tapering fingers, are all characteristic of my real temperament, and cause experts like Wilson to claim me as their own. But my brain is soaked with exact knowledge. I have trained myself to deal only with fact and with proof. Surmise and fancy have no place in my scheme of thought. Show me what I can see with my microscope, cut with my scalpel, weigh in my balance, and I will devote a lifetime to its investigation. But when you ask me to study feelings, impressions, suggestions, you ask me to do what is distasteful, and even demoralizing. A departure from pure reason affects me like an evil smell or a musical discord.

Which is a very sufficient reason why I am a little loath to go to Professor Wilson's to-night. Still, I feel that I could hardly get out of the invitation without positive rudeness—and now that Mrs. Marden and Agatha are going, of course I would not if I could. But I had rather meet them anywhere else. I know that Wilson would draw me into this nebulous semi-science of his if he could. In his enthusiasm he is perfectly impervious to hints or remonstrances. Nothing short of a positive quarrel will make him realize my aversion to the whole business. I have no doubt that he has some new mesmerist or clairvoyant or medium or trickster of some sort whom he is going to exhibit to us, for even his entertainments bear upon his hobby. Well, it will be a treat for Agatha, at any rate. She is interested in it, as woman usually is in whatever is vague and mystical and indefinite.

10.50 P.M.—This diary-keeping of mine is, I fancy, the outcome of that scientific habit of mind about which I wrote this morning. I like to register impressions while they are fresh. Once a day, at least, I endeavor to define my own mental position. It is a useful piece of self-analysis, and has, I fancy, a steadying effect upon the character. Frankly, I must confess that my own needs what stiffening I can give it. I fear that, after all, much of my neurotic temperament survives, and that I am far from that cool, calm precision which characterizes Murdoch or Pratt-Haldane. Otherwise, why should the tomfoolery which I have witnessed this evening have set my nerves thrilling so that even now I am all unstrung? My only comfort is that neither Wilson nor Miss Penclosa, nor even Agatha, could have possibly known my weakness.

And what in the world was there to excite me? Nothing; or so little that it will seem ludicrous when I set it down.

The Mardens got to Wilson's before me. In fact, I was one of the last to arrive, and found the room crowded. I had hardly time to say a word to Mrs. Marden and to Agatha, who was looking charming in white and pink, with glittering wheat ears in her hair, when Wilson came twitching at my sleeve.

"You want something positive, Gilroy," said he, drawing me apart into a corner. "My dear fellow, I have a phenomenon—a phenomenon."

I should have been more impressed had I not heard the same before. His sanguine spirit turns every fire-fly into a star.

"No possible question about the *bona fides* this time," said he, in answer, perhaps, to some little gleam of amusement in my eyes. "My wife has known her for many years. They both come from Trinidad, you know. Miss Penclosa has only been in England a month or two, and knows no one outside the university circle, but I assure you that the things she has told us suffice in themselves to establish clairvoyance upon an absolutely scientific basis. There is nothing like her, amateur or professional. Come and be introduced!"

I like none of these mystery-mongers, but the amateur least of all. With the paid performer you may pounce upon him and expose him the instant that you have seen through his trick. He is there to deceive you, and you are there to find him out. But what are you to do with the friend of your host's wife? Are you to turn on a light suddenly, and expose her slapping a surreptitious banjo? Or are you to hurl cochineal over her evening frock when she steals round with her phosphorus-bottle and her supernatural platitude. There would be a scene, and you would be looked upon as a brute. So you have your choice of being that or a dupe. I was in no very good humor as I followed Wilson to the lady.

Any one less like my idea of a West Indian could not be imagined. She was a small frail creature, well over forty, I should say, with a pale peaky face, and hair of a very light shade of chestnut. Her presence was insignificant, and her manner retiring. In any group of ten women she would have been the last woman whom one would have picked out. Her eyes were perhaps her most remarkable, and also, I am compelled to say, her least pleasant, feature. They were gray in color—gray with a shade of green—and their expression struck me as being decidedly furtive. I wonder if furtive is the word, or should I have said fierce? On second thoughts feline would have expressed it better. A crutch leaning against the wall told me, what was painfully evident when she rose, that one of her legs was crippled.

So I was introduced to Miss Penclosa, and it did not escape me that as my name was mentioned she glanced across at Agatha. Wilson had evidently been talking. And presently, no doubt, thought I, she will inform me by occult means that I am engaged to a young lady with wheat-ears in her hair. I wondered how much more Wilson had been telling her about me.

"Professor Gilroy is a terrible sceptic," said he. "I hope, Miss Penclosa, that you will be able to convert him."

She looked keenly up at me.

"Professor Gilroy is quite right to be sceptical if he has not seen anything convincing," said she. "I should have thought," she added, "that you would yourself have been an excellent subject."

"For what, may I ask?" said I.

"Well, for mesmerism, for example.'

"My experience has been that mesmerists go for their subjects to those who are mentally unsound. All their results are vitiated, as it seems to me, by the fact that they are dealing with abnormal organisms."

"Which of these ladies would you say possessed a normal organism?" she asked. "I should like you to select the one who seems to you to have the best-balanced mind. Should we say the girl in pink and white?—Miss Agatha Marden, I think the name is."

"Yes, I should attach weight to any results from her."

"I have never tried how far she is impressionable. Of course some people respond much more rapidly than others. May I ask how far your scepticism extends? I suppose that you admit the mesmeric sleep and the power of suggestion?"

"I admit nothing, Miss Penclosa."

"Dear me, I thought science had got further than that. Of course I know nothing about the scientific side of it. I only know what I can do. You see the girl in red, for example, over near the Japanese jar. I shall will that she come across to us."

She bent forward as she spoke and dropped her fan upon the floor. The girl whisked round and came straight towards us, with an inquiring look upon her face, as if some one had called her.

"What do you think of that, Gilroy?" cried Wilson, in a kind of ecstasy.

I did not dare to tell him what I thought of it. To me it was the most barefaced shameless piece of imposture that I had ever witnessed. The collusion and the signal had really been too obvious.

"Professor Gilroy is not satisfied," said she, glancing up at me with her strange little eyes. "My poor fan is to get the credit of that experiment. Well, we must try something else. Miss Marden, would you have any objection to my putting you off?"

"Oh, I should love it!" cried Agatha. By this time all the company had gathered round us in a circle—the shirt-fronted men and the white-throated women, some awed, some critical, as though it were something between a religious ceremony and a conjurer's entertainment. A red-velvet arm-chair had been pushed into the centre, and Agatha lay back in it, a little flushed, and trembling slightly from excitement. I could see it from the vibration of the wheat-ears. Miss Penclosa rose from her seat and stood over her, leaning upon her crutch.

And there was a change in the woman. She no longer seemed small or insignificant. Twenty years were gone from her age. Her eyes were shining; a tinge of color had come into her sallow cheeks; her whole figure had expanded. So I have seen a dull-eyed, listless lad change in an instant into briskness and life when given a task of which he felt himself master. She looked down at Agatha with an expression which I resented from the bottom of my soul—the expression with which a Roman empress might have looked at her kneeling slave. Then, with a quick, commanding gesture, she tossed up her arms and swept them slowly down in front of her.

I was watching Agatha narrowly. During three passes she seemed to be simply amused. At the fourth I observed a slight glazing of her eyes, accompanied by some dilation of her pupils. At the sixth there was a momentary rigor. At the seventh her lids began to droop. At the tenth her eyes were closed, and her breathing was slower and fuller than usual. I tried, as I watched, to preserve my scientific calm, but a foolish, causeless agitation convulsed me. I trust that I hid it, but I felt as a child feels in the dark. I could not have believed that I was still open to such weakness.

"She is in the trance," said Miss Penclosa.

"She is sleeping!" I cried.

"Wake her, then!"

I pulled her by the arm and shouted in her ear. She might have been dead for all the impression that I could make. Her body was there on the velvet chair. Her organs were acting, her heart, her lungs. But her soul! It had slipped from beyond our ken. Whither had it gone? What power had dispossessed it? I was puzzled and disconcerted.

"So much for the mesmeric sleep," said Miss Penclosa. "As regards suggestion—whatever I may suggest Miss Marden will infallibly do, whether it be now or after she has awakened from her trance. Do you demand proof of it?"

"Certainly," said I.

"You shall have it." I saw a smile pass over her face, as though an amusing thought had struck her. She stooped and whispered earnestly into her subject's ear. Agatha, who had been so deaf to me, nodded her head as she listened.

"Awake!" cried Miss Penclosa, with a sharp tap of her crutch upon the floor. The eyes opened, the glazing cleared slowly away, and the soul looked out once more after its strange eclipse.

We went away early. Agatha was none the worse for her strange excursion, but I was nervous and unstrung, unable to listen to or answer the stream of comments which Wilson was pouring out for my benefit. As I bade her good-night, Miss Penclosa slipped a piece of paper into my hand.

"Pray forgive me," said she, "if I take means to overcome your scepticism. Open this note at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. It is a little private test."

I can't imagine what she means, but there is the note, and it shall be opened as she directs. My head is aching, and I have written enough for to-night. To-morrow I dare say that what seems so inexplicable will take quite another complexion. I shall not surrender my convictions without a struggle.

March 25th.—I am amazed, confounded. It is clear that I must reconsider my opinion upon this matter. But first let me place on record what has occurred.

I had finished breakfast, and was looking over some diagrams with which my lecture is to be illustrated, when my housekeeper entered to tell me that Agatha was in my study and wished to see me immediately. I glanced at the clock, and saw with surprise that it was only half past nine.

When I entered the room she was standing on the hearth-rug facing me. Something in her pose chilled me, and checked the words which were rising to my lips. Her veil was half down, but I could see that she was pale, and that her expression was constrained.

"Austin," she said, "I have come to tell you that our engagement is at an end."

I staggered. I believe that I literally did stagger. I know that I found myself leaning against the bookcase for support.

"But—but," I stammered—"this is very sudden, Agatha."

"Yes, Austin, I have come here to tell you that our engagement is at an end."

"But surely," I cried, "you will give me some reason. This is unlike you, Agatha. Tell me how I have been unfortunate enough to offend you."

"It is all over, Austin."

"But why? You must be under some delusion, Agatha. Perhaps you have been told some falsehood about me. Or you may have misunderstood something that I have said to you. Only let me know what it is, and a word may set it all right."

"We must consider it all at an end."

"But you left me last night without a hint at any disagreement. What could have occurred in the interval to change you so? It must have been something that happened last night. You have been thinking it over, and you have disapproved of my conduct. Was it the mesmerism? Did you blame me for letting that woman exercise her power over you? You know that at the least sign I should have interfered."

"It is useless, Austin. All is over."

Her voice was cold and measured, her manner strangely formal and hard. It seemed to me that she was absolutely resolved not to be drawn into any argument or explanation. As for me, I was shaking with agitation, and I turned my face aside, so ashamed was I that she should see my want of control.

"You must know what this means to me," I cried. "It is the blasting of all my hopes and the ruin of my life. You surely will not inflict such a punishment upon me unheard. You will let me know what is the matter. Consider how impossible it would be for me under any circumstances to treat you so. For God's sake, Agatha, let me know what I have done."

She walked past me without a word and opened the door.

"It is quite useless, Austin," said she. "You must consider our engagement at an end." An instant later she was gone, and before I could recover myself sufficiently to follow her I heard the hall door close behind her.

I rushed into my room to change my coat, with the idea of hurrying round to Mrs. Marden's to learn from her what the cause of my misfortune might be. So shaken was I that I could hardly lace my boots. Never shall I forget those horrible ten minutes. I had just pulled on my overcoat when the clock upon the mantel-piece struck ten.

Ten! I associated the idea with Miss Penclosa's note. It was lying before me on the table, and I tore it open. It was scribbled in pencil in a peculiarly angular handwriting.

"MY DEAR PROFESSOR GILROY [it said].—Pray excuse the personal nature of the test which I am giving you. Professor Wilson happened to mention the relations between you and my subject of this evening, and it struck me that nothing could be more convincing to you than if I were to suggest to Miss Marden that she should call upon you at half past nine to-morrow morning and suspend your engagement for half an hour or so. Science is so exacting that it is difficult to give a satisfying test, but I am convinced that this at least will be an action which she would be most unlikely to do of her own free-will. Forget anything that she may have said, as she has really nothing whatever to do with it, and will certainly not recollect anything about it. I write this note to shorten your anxiety, and to beg you to forgive me for the momentary unhappiness which my suggestion must have caused you.

"Yours faithfully, HELEN PENCLOSA."

Really, when I had read the note, I was too relieved to be angry. It was a liberty. Certainly it was a very great liberty indeed on the part of a lady whom I had only met once. But, after all, I had challenged her by my scepticism. It may have been, as she said, a little difficult to devise a test which would satisfy me.

And she had done that. There could be no question at all upon the point. For me hypnotic suggestion was finally established. It took its place from now onwards as one of the facts of life. That Agatha, who of all women of my acquaintance had the best-balanced mind, had been reduced to a condition of automatism appeared to be certain. A person at a distance had worked her as an engineer on the shore might guide a Brennan torpedo. A second soul had stepped in, as it were, had pushed her own aside, and had seized her nervous mechanism, saying, "I will work this for half an hour." And Agatha must have been unconscious as she came and as she returned. Could she make her way in safety through the streets in such a state? I put on my hat and hurried round to see if all was well with her.

Yes. She was at home. I was shown into the drawing-room, and found her sitting with a book upon her lap.

"You are an early visitor, Austin," she said, smiling.

"And you have been an even earlier one," I answered.

She looked puzzled. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"You have not been out to-day?"

"No, certainly not."

"Agatha," said I, seriously, "would you mind telling me exactly what you have done this morning?"

She laughed at my earnestness. "You've got on your professional look, Austin. See what comes of being engaged to a man of science! However, I will tell you, though I can't imagine what you want to know for. I got up at eight. I breakfasted at half past. I came into this room at ten minutes past nine, and began to read *The Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat*. In a few minutes I did the French lady the bad compliment of dropping to sleep over her pages; and I did you, sir, the very flattering one of dreaming about you. It is only a few minutes since I woke up."

"And found yourself where you had been before?"

"Why, where else should I find myself?"

"Would you mind telling me, Agatha, what it was that you dreamed about me? It really is not mere curiosity on my part."

"I merely had a vague impression that you came into it. I cannot recall anything definite."

"If you have not been out to-day, Agatha, how is it that your shoes are dusty?"

A pained look came over her face.

"Really, Austin, I do not know what is the matter with you this morning. One would almost think that you doubted my word. If my boots are dusty it must be, of course, that I have put on a pair which the maid had not cleaned."

It was perfectly evident that she knew nothing whatever about the matter, and I reflected that, after all, perhaps it was better that I should not enlighten her. It might frighten her, and could serve no good purpose that I could see. I said no more about it, therefore, and left shortly afterwards to give my lecture.

But I am immensely impressed. My horizon of scientific possibilities has suddenly been enormously extended. I no longer wonder at Wilson's dæmonic energy and enthusiasm. Who would not work hard who had a vast virgin field ready to his hand? Why, I have known the novel shape of a nucleolus, or a trifling peculiarity of striped muscular fibre seen under a 300-diameter lens, fill me with exultation. How petty do such researches seem when compared with this one, which strikes at the very roots of life and the nature of the soul! I had always looked upon spirit as a product of matter. The brain, I thought, secreted the mind, as the liver does the bile. But how can this be, when I see mind working from a distance, and playing upon matter as a musician might upon a violin? The body does not give rise to the soul, then, but is rather the rough instrument by which the spirit manifests itself. The windmill does not give rise to the wind, but only indicates it. It was opposed to my whole habit of thought, and yet it was undeniably possible and worthy of investigation.

And why should I not investigate it? I see that under yesterday's date I said, "If I could see something positive and objective I might be tempted to approach it from the physiological aspect." Well, I have got my test. I shall be as good as my word. The investigation would, I am sure, be of immense interest. Some of my colleagues might look askance at it, for science is full of unreasoning prejudices, but if Wilson has the courage of his convictions I can afford to have it also. I shall go to him to-morrow morning—to him and to Miss Penclosa. If she can show us so much it is probable that she can show us more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

A GROUP of errands brings Dean Hole to this country. He has come to have some fun, to make some money, and to gather a new outfit of "memories." Many memories that belonged to his original stock have been put into a book, which is well known and popular on both sides of the sea, and he needs more, doubtless, to put into another book. The money that he hopes to earn is not for his personal use, but for the restoration of Rochester Cathedral, the dean of which he is. He hopes to earn it by lectures, whereof he will give four every week. The fun he hopes to have is for himself, and to increase his chances of getting it he has brought with him Mrs. Hole and two other companions of his travels.

Dean Hole is a man of many sides. Besides being a clergyman of eminence, he is a lover of literature and men of letters, of sports and sportsmen, of horses and horse-races—of everything the wise use of which keeps men young and makes their hearts and livers work together for good. Not many successors of St. Paul have shown in so marked a degree the capacity for being made all things to all men. Inasmuch as he is sound, judicious, and highly entertaining, it is probable that he will accomplish all the purposes of his visit, and carry back with him a satisfactory collection of memories and dollars, and a realizing sense of having had a good time.

The town of Rutland, in Worcester County, Massachusetts, was the home of General Rufus Putnam, whose title to remembrance rests upon the claim that he was father of New England emigration to the Northwest. Rutland, where he lived, has been called the cradle of Ohio, and a public meeting was held there on October 20th to devise means for buying General Putnam's old colonial mansion, with intent to preserve it as a museum of historical relics and matters of interest connected with the first New England emigration to the West. The sentiment of the projectors of this memorial (the list of whom includes Dr. Hall and Senator Hoar) seems to be that General Putnam deserved well of Massachusetts for furthering the settlement of a great New England State in the great Northwest. Their view is in contrast to that of the Philadelphians, who never seem to have considered that Robert Morris brought any special credit on the city of his residence by his connection with the settlement of the Genesee country. Morris has been honored by a memorial in the country which he helped to populate. Putnam, a much less famous man, promises to enjoy the better fortune of having his memory kept green at home.

Mr. Harry Furniss's aspirations for his new *Lika Joka* are that it shall be humorous in such a fashion as to suit a modern spirit which is "no longer satisfied with what was called comic." Times are changed, Mr. Furniss says, which is true, as it always is. But is it possible that he means to suggest that London *Punch* has not changed with them! It may be that we shall have in *Lika Joka* Mr. Furniss's notion of what *Punch* ought to be; and as most people have had their own ideas on that subject, it will be interesting to many readers to see what his notion of it is. *Punch* has been more laughed at in America these many years for being grave than for being funny, but the habit of laughing at *Punch* for one reason or the other has become fixed, and that venerable publication has little to fear from even the most successful rival.

That worthy Methodist contemporary the *Northern Christian Advocate* is after Mr. Howells with a sharp stick because of something he has lately said about going to church. "I do not go to church," Mr. Howells is reported to have told an interviewer, "because the sermons I am likely to hear make me antagonistic. I feel that I want to get right up in my seat and refute, then and there, many of the dogmas and arguments of the so-called Christian life." To which the *Advocate* retorts that faithful preaching often has the effect that Mr. Howells complains of, "and many a man, when his sin or prejudice or ignorance or conceit has been touched, has done just what Mr. Howells feels that he wants to do. The Pharisees," it reminds him, "could not endure John the Baptist's call to repentance, and Herod became so antagonistic that he shut him up in prison."

No one who has read Mr. Howells's books can believe that he objects to Christian preaching because it is "faithful." He has always had a serious side, and of late years he has grown to be one of the most religious-minded of American story-tellers. It would be safe to surmise, too, that his religion is Christianity as he understands it, and that the basis of his impatience with many preachers is that they don't see in Christianity what he sees, and don't preach it as he understands it. If that is a sound reason for staying away from church, many good men nowadays are warranted in staying at home. What one might wish is that Mr. Howells, instead of keeping out of the pews, could take an occasional turn at the pulpit. He has a great deal to say that would come with propriety from almost any Christian pulpit, and it would not be difficult to gather a congregation any Sunday morning to hear him. If he put his notion of Christianity into lay sermons he might be a means of grace to some of those very preachers who make him impatient.

Mr. Henry Irving is socialist enough to favor the institution of municipal theatres maintained by the tax-payers of the cities. He speaks with admiration of the German towns in which the cultivation of the drama is a matter of civic duty, and the people of which on occasion spend the whole day in their theatre.

How many people who have come to know Mr. Goff have learned that, like most of the rulers of New York, he is an Irishman? He was born in Ireland about forty-five years ago, came to New York when he was sixteen, spent nearly ten years of his youth as a clerk in dry-goods stores, educated himself in the Cooper Union schools, studied law, practised it, and so on and up. Persons who are fond of tracing all that is evil in municipal government in America to Irish ascendency in municipal politics will please remark that the same green isle that is responsible for Tweed and Croker is also to be credited with Charles O'Conor and with Goff. Dr. Parkhurst has not had occasion to demonstrate yet that he is an Irishman, but the extreme liveliness of his participation in municipal affairs raises at least a presumption in his favor.

It is highly creditable to the shoemaker born in Nuremberg in 1494 that he should have been able to make so pervasive a noise in the world as to have the four-hundredth anniversary of his birthday celebrated in New York. That is what Hans Sachs did. He made the necessary noise not by pegging shoes, but by writing songs and assorted poetry. He was the head meistersinger of the sixteenth century. He made more than 4000 songs, besides 200 plays, 1700 dialogues, fables, and tales in verse, and some 75 hymns and psalms. Not all of his output got into print. Besides being a songster of marvellous productiveness, he had the discernment to become a supporter of Luther and the Reformation, and the good fortune to be unearthed after a long period of repose by Goethe, and afterwards by Wagner. So he lives a great figure among German poets, and the hero of a great opera, and enough is still remembered about him to give ten distinguished gentlemen material for ten learned discourses which they delivered last Monday afternoon at Liederkranz Hall in New York on the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth.

In the course of the year which has passed since the death of Professor Jowett £10,000 has been subscribed for a memorial of him at Oxford. It is proposed to spend £600 of this sum on two busts, one to be placed in the Bodleian Library, the other in the Chapel of Balliol, and to devote the rest of the money to a memorial fund to promote the educational work of that college.

There are two explanations of the circumstance that Watts's picture, "Love and Life," lingers unhung in Washington. One reason given is that Colonel Wilson, the Superintendent of Public Buildings, thinks the figures in the picture somewhat too naked to suit the White House; the other reason suggested is that the Metropolitan Museum in New York has a claim upon the picture, and wants it. If this latter reason is correct, a vast deal of breath and printers' ink has been wasted within a month in denouncing Colonel Wilson's taste, and calling him a prude.

Striking evidence of the development of leisure and sporting blood in the town of Boston appeared in the blizzard of sport which raged all last week at the Brookline Country Club, and saw golfers, horsemen, and dog-fanciers contend one against another from breakfast-time until dusk. When the Boston man devotes Saturday afternoons to sport he shows that, in his intellectual way, he realizes its value, but when he hammers away at it all day long for a week at a time it begins to look as if his heart was really in it.

An interesting New England custom is that which provides that stockholders of the Boston and Albany road shall ride free to Boston from any point on that road to attend the annual stockholders' meeting in September. They show their stock certificates instead of tickets, and they have all the week to get home in. So it happens that in stockholders' week people from western Massachusetts flock to Boston to do their shopping, and crowd the hotels. A similar concession by other railroads in other States would tend to popularize small holdings of railroad stock.

E. S. MARTIN.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S LOAN BUREAU.

WHEN the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, started out to raise a fund to lend money to the deserving poor, the burden of his plea was that credit and not charity was the demand of the hour. He knew that there were many in straitened circumstances who would not know how to accept charity, and yet whose needs were most pressing.

The fund of $25,000 was raised in February last, and on the 12th day of that month the loan bureau was opened at the Parish House, No. 209 East Forty-second Street. Applications for loans came upon the bureau like an avalanche. There were actually more of them in the first week than the bureau has been able to investigate up to the present time, and the average number per day since then has been not much below twenty.

For several weeks the output of the bureau was limited to $500, but when Dr. Greer was satisfied that a large majority of the clients would pay promptly, the limit was gradually increased, until it is now $1000, which is divided into from twenty to thirty loans per week, the number depending on whether the loans are small or large, and the limit never being exceeded. Loans as small as $4 have been made, but the largest amount that can be secured by any client is $50. These figures were settled upon to keep the business of the office within the boundaries proposed by Dr. Greer, the giving of prompt financial aid in a small way to deserving people who are momentarily embarrassed, and who have ample security in the way of household effects to mortgage for the amount borrowed.

It was the policy from the start to investigate each case so carefully as to render fraud and imposition almost impossible. The result is that of the hundreds to whom loans have been made there are only a few units who have given the bureau any undue trouble. To make payment easy for the borrower, and to enable the bureau to readily keep track of clients, the system of monthly instalments was adopted. The borrower of $50 is allowed to pay a minimum of $5 per month, and the smaller loans range from $1 to $4 per month. In all cases the interest is six per cent., and this is paid with the monthly instalment, so that the calculation is made for each succeeding month after deducting the instalment paid.

The kind of people who have patronized the loan bureau may be judged from the fact that fully ninety-eight per cent. of them have paid each month with religious regularity. The few delinquents are not less anxious to pay, but have been prevented through sickness or other discouraging circumstances, and great leniency has been shown them in the hope and belief that their affairs may soon improve. But in many trades there is scarcely any change for the better in the labor field. Vast numbers of working-people, who have always been busy at this season of the year, are suffering untold embarrassments through enforced idleness, and are in consequence not only unable to meet their obligations to creditors, but find it difficult to supply their families with bread.

Timely help from the loan bureau has been received by the occupants of mansions as well as those of tenements. No distinction is made as to calling, race, color, or social standing. Dr. Greer simply wants to know that the applicant is of good repute and deserving, and that he or she can give ample security for the money advanced. The experience of the bureau has proved that a great many institutions of a similar kind should be in operation in this metropolis. In hard times like the present, wage-earners who have been out of work for several months, with large families to support, are obliged to borrow a little money to tide them over. Thousands who had savings in the banks have been forced to draw out their last cent. Work is still a few weeks or a month ahead, and the landlord is clamoring for his rent, with a dispossess warrant in one hand and the unpaid bill in the other. The citizen in desperation goes to a money-lender. He has already pawned the last trinket that the pawn shop will accept, and now he must give for security the little furniture of his household. He thinks $50 will see him out of his difficulty. The money-lender looks over his property, and says, "Yes, we can let you have $50 on it; but you know I am only the broker, and my commission will be $25."

In thousands of cases such terms are submitted to, and there is an organized gang of these sharks operating in all parts of the city, who manage to evade the law and plunder the helpless people at discretion. Many of their victims have come to Dr. Greer's bureau to be helped out of their clutches, and we have proceeded in this way: A, for instance, has taken a loan from a shark of $50, and given his note at 90 days for $75, with a mortgage on his household effects for the amount. For six weeks he has made regular payments of over six dollars a week, and comes to a point where he cannot carry the burden any longer. Then the shark threatens to foreclose on his home, and he comes to Dr. Greer's bureau to escape this fate. In many cases we have settled such accounts with these gentry at a considerable saving to their victims by insisting on a rebate. They all know that their operations are contrary to law and that prosecution might be hard on them, but there is good reason to believe that they, like other breakers and defiers of law, have contributed freely to the "Pantata" fund, and their system is so well organized that they rely upon it and their "pull" to assure them immunity.

The person of moderate means who has no bankable securities is driven to the necessity of patronizing these cormorants, whose business is preying upon the helpless. A single institution conducted in a fair and decent way cannot seriously affect their business, but if a sufficient number of such offices were opened to meet the demands of small and honest borrowers, much grief and misery would be removed from the already overburdened poor.

While the loan bureau is a strictly business enterprise, and its full success cannot be assured until its first year's operations are ended and the books balanced, it is also a benevolent concern in the truest sense, and so must expect some experience with impostors. Ingratitude and depravity, like honor and fame, "from no condition rise," but they often break out where least expected, and are the only reward for services which one would expect to render them impossible. One client of the bureau, a female with a husband as worthless as herself, was given a small loan, and then took the first opportunity to dispose of her belongings and leave the city. When the bureau came to her relief during those bleak days of March she had neither fuel nor food in her miserable home, her husband was lying sick, and the corpse of her dead child was about to be removed to potter's field. Who could think that any human being would forget kindness bestowed in an hour like that?

Cases now and then appear which make one think there are some people who are utterly unworthy. An agent of the bureau called one day to see a man who had applied for a loan. He found the man with his wife weeping over their misfortunes, and contemplating self-destruction. Their effects were sufficient for a small loan, but the unfortunate man was so broken in spirit that the prospect of his ever paying was not inviting. He had been accustomed to clerical work, was past middle life, but said he would gladly do anything to earn a living. A place was secured for him as conductor on a street railroad, and we made him a loan to purchase his outfit. In less than ten days he came and wanted to know if he could have an easier situation, as it blistered his hands to climb along the sides of the open cars! It is not a part of the bureau's business to secure work for people, but this incident served to show its benevolent side, and one class of persons who have been helped by it.

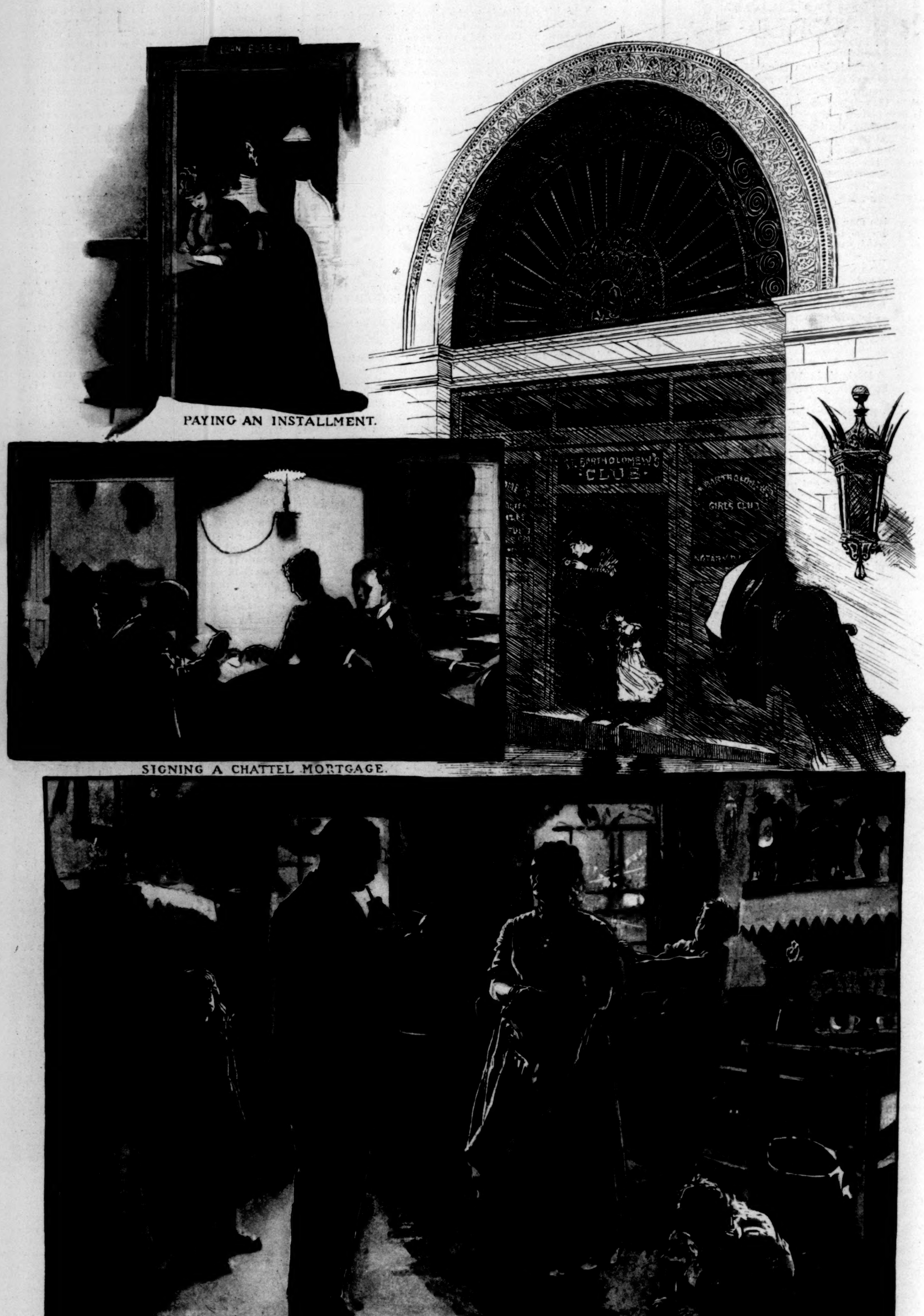
Clients of the bureau represent almost all trades, crafts, and professions—painters, authors, mechanics of all kinds, lawyers, merchants, actors, singers, etc., and many of them are looking for employment and work in their various lines. Artists and others engaged in work which is essentially a luxury have been especially unfortunate during the hard times, and there are well-known portrait-painters, for example, who have received good prices for their services in good times, who will paint fine portraits now at figures which the clothing men would label "panic prices." The bureau would gladly give information to persons requiring the services of any of these deserving people. It is impossible for the loan fund to accommodate all applicants, but its success thus far proves the principle which Dr. Greer advocates, viz., that it is safe, and may be made profitable to lend money to the deserving poor at fair rates of interest.

A vast majority of the bureau's clients are sturdy citizens, who fully realize and appreciate their obligation to Dr. Greer's enlightened benevolence. Hundreds of them have said that the help came to them like a special providence when they knew not where to turn. It is a new experiment in benevolence, and its promoters are aware that it cannot fill the whole field. Its success will lead to the establishment of many other institutions of a similar kind. One is now being organized in Brooklyn, and Dr. Greer has received hundreds of inquiries from cities throughout the Union which will lead to the extension of an enlightened system of benevolent money-lending.

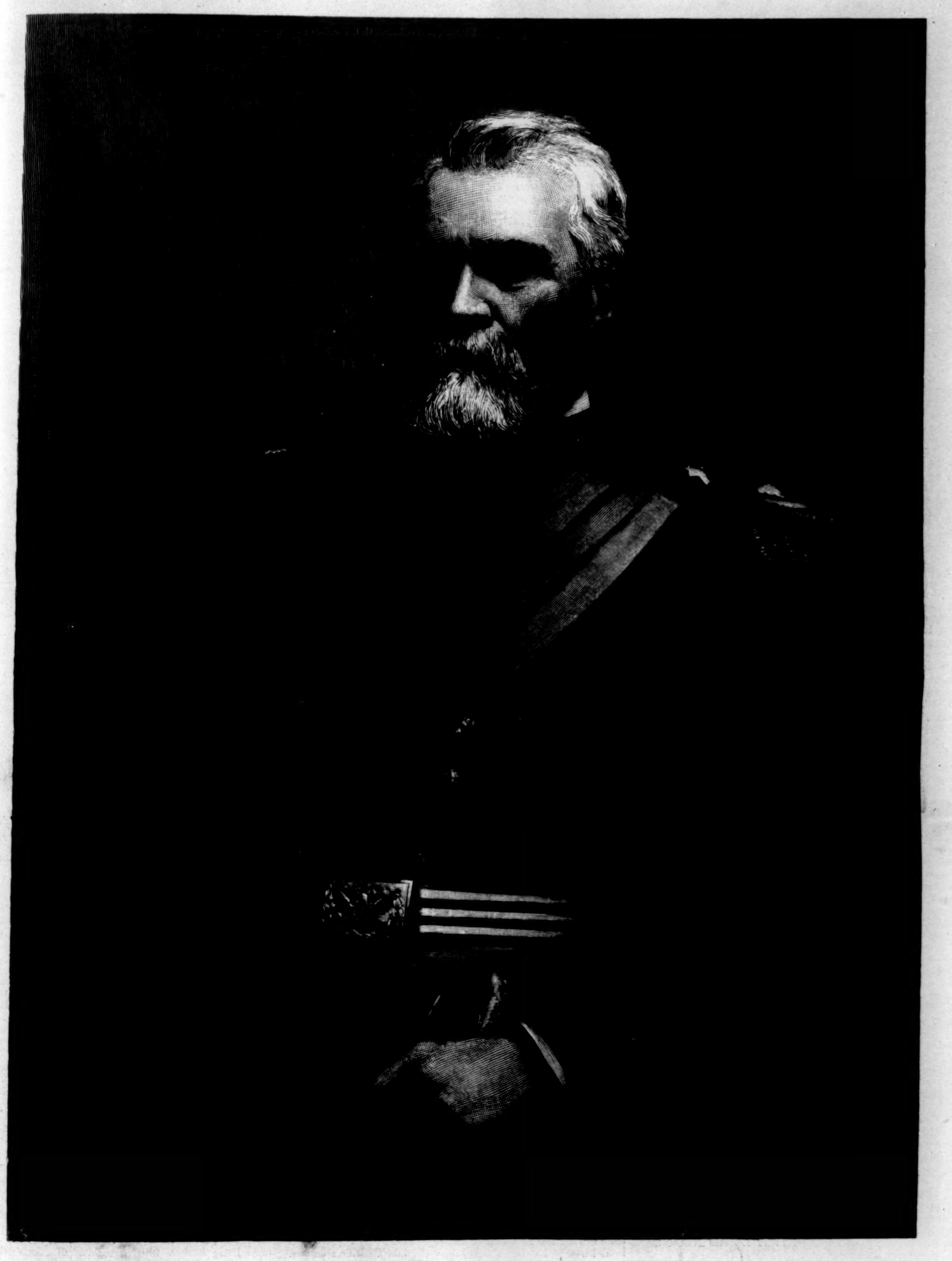
On October 12th the bureau completed eight months of its career, with results which are far from unsatisfactory to Dr. Greer and others who are particularly interested in the problem of lending money to the worthy at low rates. A total sum of $24,554 50 had been loaned up to that day, and the repayments amounted to nearly $8000. Loans were made to 768 different families, embracing nearly all trades and professions, many nationalities, and a great variety of religious belief. The losses sustained by the fund thus far have been extremely few and small, and no mortgages have been foreclosed. The holders of outstanding loans are paying their monthly instalments regularly, and over sixty loans have been paid off and cancelled.

To completely rid New York of the usurers and extortioners who prey upon helpless people it is only necessary to increase this fund, and to establish others of a similar character.

J. A. MACKNIGHT,
Manager St. Bartholomew Loan Fund.


LOAN BUREAU
PAYING AN INSTALLMENT.
ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CLUB
ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S GIRLS CLUB
SIGNING A CHATTEL MORTGAGE.
N APPRAISAL.

THE LOAN BUREAU OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PARISH.—DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.—[SEE PAGE 1063.]



MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD, U. S. A., RETIRED.

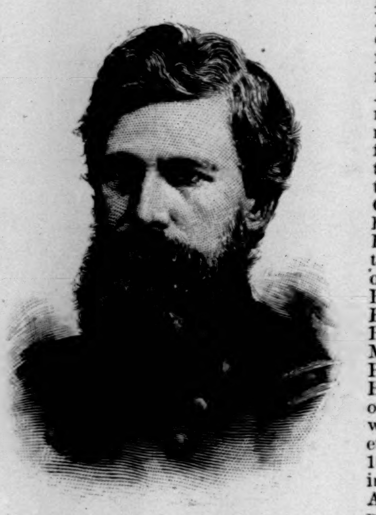
MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER OTIS HOWARD.

WITH the exception of General Schofield, General Oliver Otis Howard, who retires on the 8th of November, is the last of the corps commanders of the war now in active service. When he goes, officers will fill the great posts of the army whose names do not awaken memories of distinguished service in the minds of the many who are not familiar with the records of the rebellion. Howard was one of the great commanders just below the leaders, and when he and Schofield are both on the retired list another link that unites us to the last war will be broken.

General Howard's life for much of the time during thirty years after his graduation from the Military Academy was employed in active service. He was graduated at West Point in 1854, and was No. 4 in his class. His first commission was that of Brevet Second Lieutenant of Ordnance, and he was assigned to duty at the Watervliet Arsenal in New York. He remained at that post for a year, and then, as a full Second Lieutenant, he was placed in command of the Kennebec Arsenal in Maine. He took part in the Seminole war in Florida in 1857 as Chief of Ordnance on General Harney's staff. From September 21, 1857, until June 3, 1861, he was Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point. When the war of the rebellion broke out he resigned his commission in the regular army—then a First Lieutenancy—to accept the commission of Colonel of the Third Regiment of Maine Volunteers, Maine being his native State. Promotion was rapid in those days for the young officers of the regular army who accepted commands in the volunteer service. His Colonel's commission was dated the 28th of May, and he was in command of a brigade in Heintzelman's division at the battle of Bull Run on the 21st of July. The personal bravery for which he has been distinguished even above his fellow-soldiers was amply displayed on this disastrous field, and so impressed the men of his own command that they presented him with a sword. On the 3d of September, 1861, he became a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. Indeed, it was only for a few days at the very first of his volunteer service that he commanded any body of troops smaller than a brigade. He was stationed in the defences of Washington, at one time under Casey, and at another under Sumner, until the spring of 1862. Then he went with McClellan on his famous peninsula campaign, engaging in its various operations, busy with the unloading of stores at Yorktown, and taking an important part in the battle of Fair Oaks, where he was twice wounded and lost his right arm. He was not long absent from the front as an invalid, and even while convalescing was busily employed raising troops in Maine. In September he was again at the head of a brigade. This time it was the California brigade attached to Sedgwick's division. As its commander he went through the northern Virginia campaign, and when it came to a disastrous end he covered the retreat of the army to Washington. He continued in command of the same brigade in the Maryland campaign of September, 1862, and on the battle-field of Antietam succeeded to the command of the Second Division of the Second Corps, General Sedgwick having been disabled by wounds.

He was commissioned a Major-General of Volunteers November 29, 1862, and was engaged in the Rappahannock campaign in the dreary winter of 1862–3. He was conspicuous in the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, and in the spring was placed in command of the Eleventh Corps. It was while at the head of this corps, and at the battle of Gettysburg, that General Howard rendered his most conspicuous service during the war. After the death of General Reynolds, on the first day, General Howard occupied Cemetery Ridge, holding it as the key of the Union position. His judgment was vindicated by the events of the 2d and 3d of July, and it was generally recognized that his foresight had contributed much to General Meade's victory. That officer gave General Howard due credit in orders, and Congress thanked him by name in a resolution adopted January 28, 1864. In 1870 Congress awarded him the medal of honor for "distinguished bravery at the battle of Fair Oaks, Virginia, June 1, 1862, leading the Sixty-first New York Volunteer Infantry in the charge across the enemy's line, where he was twice severely wounded in the right arm, necessitating its amputation."

He left the Army of the Potomac in the early autumn of 1863, and, with the Eleventh Corps, was transferred to the Army of the Cumberland. He participated in the movement for the relief of Knoxville, and was with Grant at Lookout Mountain. Early in the spring of 1864 he was transferred to the command of the Fourth Army Corps, and marched with Sherman to the sea. Before the expedition the army had plenty of fighting, and General Howard had his share of it. He was in the battles, among others, of Tunnel Hill, Rocky Face Ridge, Buzzards Roost, Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain, and Peachtree Creek. He was at the siege of Atlanta. He was wounded at Picketts Mill. In July, 1864, he was placed in command of the Army and Department of Tennessee. He took part at the battle of Jonesboro, and commanded the troops engaged in the battle of Ezra Church. For his gallantry in this action he was rewarded with a Brevet Major-Generalship in the regular army on March 13, 1865.



GENERAL HOWARD.
FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.

He commanded the right wing of Sherman's army in its march from Atlanta to Savannah. For taking Fort McAllister, near Savannah, General Sherman recommended him for promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General in the regular army. The rank was conferred upon him December 21, 1864. He took part in the operations and actions that followed the fall of Savannah, and that ended in the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston at Durham Station, North Carolina, April 26, 1865.

When peace came General Howard was made the head of the Freedmen's Bureau, and for seven years he endeavored to do his duty by the unfortunate people who were suddenly deprived of masters who thought and cared for them, and were thrown upon their own resources. He has substantial evidence that he won their affection and gratitude, but he did not escape unscathed from the reek of corruption that came out of the war. The harpies who preyed on the national patriotism and cheated the nation's soldiers were not above swindling the freedman. In doing this they stained the name of General Howard for a time. He has lived that time down, however, and history will count him as a victim with his wards.

He took up the duties of the soldier once more in 1872, and from that time to 1881 he was almost constantly engaged in wars against hostile Indians. In 1881 he was made Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. In 1882 he was assigned to the Department of the Platte. In 1886 he became a Major-General, and in 1888 he took command of the Department of the Atlantic.

This is a remarkable record; but, admirable as it is, it tells only one side of General Howard's character. He is a man of large human interests. His activities have stretched out beyond his military life. He is known as a "Christian soldier," for he is possessed of the religious enthusiasms which marked the fighting-men of the religious wars, that nerved the arms and aroused the spirits of the Huguenots, the Puritans, and the Catholics, and that later were manifested by Havelock and Gordon. General Howard has carried his religion everywhere. He is an enthusiast and a lover of his kind. His democratic simplicity has made him beloved, and his interest in public and social questions other than those relating to the army has brought him nearer to the people than soldiers usually get. He has written and lectured. Among his books are *Donald's School Days; Chief Joseph, or the Nez-Percés in Peace and War;* and *General Taylor.* He is an A.M. of Bowdoin College, and an LL.D. No one in the service has more attached friends among the officers and men whom he has commanded. HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER,

AND ITS ANCIENT ASSOCIATIONS.

"Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire
Bears no impression of the thing it was."
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II., Scene IV.*

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS, in his "Americanisms and Briticisms," calls attention to the fact that many established and accepted Americanisms are but Briticisms in disguise; and he cites, particularly, certain November customs of ours as coming directly from our ancestors over the ocean. On the evening of the Tuesday following the first Monday of November, he says, the boys of New York, in accord with their immemorial custom on Election nights, illumine the city with countless bonfires, not knowing, any of them, that they are thus commemorating Guy Fawkes and the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. In like manner the "dressing up of a Guy" still survives among us on Thanksgiving Day, the last Thursday of the same negative month. Thus do we, on two memorable feasts, imitate in the new land the celebration of a permanent festival which the old land has, in a measure, forgotten.

It is hardly necessary here to relate all the well-known details of the British Gunpowder Plot of 1605. The accession of the son of a Roman Catholic mother to the throne of a Protestant Queen had, naturally, raised in the breasts of the adherents of the old faith some hopes of an unrestricted toleration, on the part of the government, towards them. But James, whatever his personal feelings may have been, was too much under the dominion of the Commons to resist; and many, and certainly cruel and oppressive, were the severities practised, by statute, upon the Papists who lived in England during the early part of his reign. The result was a fanatical scheme to blow up, by gunpowder, the House of Lords and the House of Commons, with everybody in them, including the King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and all the rest of the royal family. The explosive material was stored in a cellar under the Upper Chamber, and everything was ready for a grand and unique celebration of the original 5th of November when the plot was discovered. Guy Fawkes and his fellow-conspirators were hoisted into an unexpected and unpleasant notoriety with their own petar, and James and his Court were saved, for one generation at least; Charles I. living to die at the hands of the very party of enthusiasts who were condemned to die with his father and his brother.

In the Tower of London is still preserved a catalogue of those royal persons who were to have gone up with the Houses of Parliament. It is said to have been the composition of the King himself; and as an exhibition of royal modesty in the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, it may be quoted in part. The first on the list was: "James the Great, King of Great Britain, illustrious for piety, justice, foresight, learning, hardihood, clemency and other regal virtues; Champion and Patron of the Christian Faith, of the public safety, and of universal peace; author most subtle, most august and most auspicious." The Queen is described as "the most serene daughter of Frederick the Second, invincible King of the Danes." Prince Henry is designated as "the ornament of nature, strengthened with learning, blest with grace, born and given to us from God"; while we are told that Charles, Duke of York, afterwards Charles I., was "divinely disposed to every virtue."

One Jeffrey Charlton, at his shop at the Great North Door of St. Paul's, published in 1606 a now very rare pamphlet entitled: "Gunpowder Plot. Arraignment and Execution of the late Traytors, the 27th January, last past." A paragraph from this work, as exhibiting the clemency and other royal virtues of the Champion and Patron of the Christian Faith, is here set down in full:

"Last of all came the great Devil of all, Fawkes *alias* Johnson, who should have put fire to the powder. His body being weak with torture and sickness, he was scarce able to go up the ladder, but with much ado, by the help of the hangmen, went high enough to break his neck by the fall: who made no long speech, but, after a sort, seeming to be sorry for his offence, asked a kind of forgiveness of the King and the State for his bloody intent, and with his crosses and his idle ceremonies made his end upon the gallows and the block, to the great joy of the beholders, that the land was ended of so wicked a villany."

We manage such things better in our own days. Dynamiters get reprieves now, and notoriety and cakes and ale, and ask no sort of forgiveness of anybody.

A relic of Mr. Fawkes is said to exist in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, although the present chronicler, who has spent many studious hours in that delightful institution, has no recollection of ever having seen it. It is described as a curiously constructed affair, and as "a fine specimen of ancient workmanship, both as regards secresy and ornament, possessing at the bottom a mechanical movement by which the candle can be instantaneously crushed by the hand and completely extinguished. It turns with great facility, so as speedily to render it a dark lantern. . . . And [it] has a very strong reflector."

Guy Fawkes was designated the "Damned-to-everlasting-fame man"; and his name I find thus variously spelled by his contemporaries: "Fawks," "Fawkes," "Fowks," "Faukes," "Faux," and "Vaux"; and from this last do certain etymologists derive the appellation of Vauxhall Gardens, because of their displays of fireworks, and because of the intimate association between fireworks and Guy Fawkes. But Vauxhall Gardens were so called a century before fireworks became a feature of their entertainments.

In reply to Hazlitt's very ingenious and subtle defence of Guy Fawkes and his conspiracy, published anonymously in 1823, Charles Lamb wrote a humorous essay in which he tried to imagine the successful results of a similar attempt in his own days; and he thus describes the scene in the terms of a Parliamentary reporter—the italics and small capitals being his own: "A *motion* was put and carried that this House do *adjourn;* that the Speaker *do quit the chair.* The House ROSE amid clamors for order." And he concludes by an urgent appeal to the people of England "by means less wholesale than Guido's, to ameliorate, without extinguishing, Parliaments; to hold the lantern to the dark places of corruption; to apply the match to the rotten places of the system only; and to wrap themselves up, not in the muffling mantle of conspiracy, but in the warm honest cloak of integrity and patriotic intention." These are words which the gentle Elia might have applied seventy years later, not only to the British Parliament, but to the American Congress as well.

The fact that a distant kinsman of the hero of the 5th of November honored America by his presence for a short time during the first half of the present century is preserved in a historical volume written by the late Charles Dickens. In the opening chapter of the work in question the author says that there was unquestionably a Chuzzlewit in the Gunpowder Plot, if, indeed, the archtraitor himself were not a scion of this remarkable stock, as he might easily have been, supposing another Chuzzlewit to have emigrated to Spain in the previous generation, and there to have intermarried with a Spanish lady by whom he had issue, one olive-complexioned son. If this fact had been generally known upon the arrival of Martin Chuzzlewit in America, no one can say what would have been the result; and how far it would have affected his life and nature it is difficult to imagine. A man with the blood of Guy Fawkes in his veins might have been triumphant on any Election day. He might, even, as Governor of his State, have issued Thanksgiving Day proclamations, signed by his own hand; and he might have lived to repeat history by being hanged to a telegraph pole or a lamp-post, or by being burned in effigy for his political delinquencies, thus uniting a Briticism and an Americanism in his own person.

It was not until well into the present reign that the special services for the 5th of November were taken from the ritual of the English Book of Common Prayer by an ordinance of the Queen in Council; while at the same time were abolished those for the Martyrdom of Charles I. and the Restoration of Charles II. But no special ordinance and no Queen in Council have been able to restrain the British juvenile from his celebration of Guy Fawkes day. All over the kingdom he dresses up scarecrow figures on that joyful anniversary, clothes them in such cast-off garments as he can steal, or beg, or borrow, parading them by day on chairs through the principal streets of the town he honors by his citizenship, and then burning them up with great ceremony and barbaric rejoicing in some very public place at night, to the air of the familiar tune and with solemn chant of the well-known words:

"Remember! Remember!
The Fifth of November,
The Gunpowder treason and plot;
For there is no reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot."

The lines are faulty, but the sentiment is laden with love of country, and it gives the small boy a chance to make a noise and a disturbance which under no circumstances does he ever willingly or wittingly neglect. The invariable and universal custom of the small boy in England to solicit money from door to door in order to make his elders pay for the annoyance he causes them, still survives in America, where the English small boy's cousin goes about from area to area for subscriptions for his fantastic foolery on Thanksgiving Day, and rings basement bells furiously until his demands are complied with.

One Guy Fawkes day rhyme is preserved in the pages of *Notes and Queries* for November 3, 1855. It is a harmless parody upon Wolfe's admirable ballad, "The Death of Sir John Moore," and it evidently refers to some unpopular municipal regulation. The first and the last verse read as follows:

"Not a squib went fiz nor a rocket whiz
  As the Guy to the gallows was hurried;
The mob was afraid of the New Police,
  And therefore were deucedly flurried.

. . . . .

"Slowly and sadly the bonfire burned
  Till it reached to his upper story;
They fired not a gun nor a pistol, but turned,
  And they left him alone in his glory."

Again the feet are faltering. But "his upper story" is good. And it sounds like the author of "The Song of the Shirt," although his name is not generally associated with it.

In earlier times the celebration of Guy Fawkes day was not confined to boys and rowdies, but was accompanied by most important and portentous ceremonies on the part of grave and reverend seniors, especially in London. Two hundred cart-loads of fuel have been consumed in the feeding of a single fire in Lincoln's Inn Fields, while no less than thirty Guys were hung and burned there on one particularly successful night. The uproar is said to have been deafening and blinding, the mobs shouted, the church bells rang, the fireworks blazed and spluttered, and the gunpowder flashed and banged. In later days contemporary figures of unpopular celebrities were exchanged for those of Guy Fawkes. Cardinal Wiseman was hanged and burned in effigy in London on the 5th of November, 1850, because the Pope had made him Archbishop of Westminster; and on the same day, seven years afterwards, a similar honor was conferred upon Nana Sahib, because of his atrocities at Cawnpore. It is to be presumed that this gentle churchman and the brutal Indian did not mind this any more than does Guy Fawkes himself.

In the early part of the present century it is said that on Guy Fawkes day, in Lincolnshire, any person who could procure a gun was at liberty to shoot it, not only to make a noise, but to kill the game which was carefully preserved on every other day of the year; and there used to be a tradition in the North Country that executions were prohibited on that sacred anniversary, but out of respect for whom or for what nobody can find out.

A writer in *Notes and Queries* calls attention to a very old custom existing in the West Riding of Yorkshire in 1857, which he considers as apparently coeval with the annual bonfires and fireworks. It consists of the baking, and partaking, of a "kind of oatmeal gingerbread," on that dreadful day, the local name of which is "Parkin."

Still another correspondent contributes the following: "A singular custom was observed on Thursday last [November 5, 1857], at Durham. The Dean and Chapter of the venerable cathedral supplied themselves with twenty shillings' worth of coppers, which they scattered among as many of the juvenile citizens as chose to attend, and [naturally] many availed themselves of the privilege." The writer adds that this highly appropriate game for a venerable ecclesiastical body is known as "Push-penny," and that it has existed very far beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant. But no hint is given as to its origin, and no explanation is made as to what it has to do with Guy Fawkes or his nefarious scheme.

The connection between bonfires and Election day, or even Guy Fawkes day, is not very apparent, unless we accept Dr. Johnson's derivation and definition—"From *bon* and *fire*, Fr.—A fire made for some publick cause of triumph"; and consider them as an expression of good feeling at the receipt of good news. But Election-night bonfires are usually lighted before news of any kind is received; and not infrequently they are kept lighted by enthusiasts to whom the news, when it does come, is apt to be bad.

Bonfires in England upon occasion of rejoicing of any kind are as old as history. But fireworks seem to have been little known until the days of Elizabeth; although when Anne Bullen was conveyed to her coronation, before Elizabeth was born, we read of one of the royal barges as containing a great red dragon continually moving and casting forth wild fire, and 'round about stood terrible monsters and wilde men, casting of fire, and making a hideous noise. Strutt preserves many records of pyrotechnic displays in honor of the Virgin Queen, such as blazing, burning darts flying to and fro, beams of stars, coruscant streams and hail of fire, sparks, lighting of wild fire on the water and on the land, flight and shot of thunder-bolts, etc.

Concerning the 5th of November, Pepys had almost nothing to say, except an occasional expression of annoyance at the bonfires which frightened the horses who dragged his coach. But on the 14th August, 1666, which was celebrated as a thanksgiving day in honor of recent naval successes, he alludes to fireworks in a way so characteristic—not of Pepys but of fireworks—that his words will well bear quoting. "Abut nine to Mrs. Mercer's, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets; and there mighty merry, my Lady Pen and Pegg going thither with us, till about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, *and burning one another,* AND THE PEOPLE OVER THE WAY!"

The italics and small capitals in this instance are my own.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

SILVER COIN, ABOUT 250 B.C.

SILVER COIN, 323-316 B.C.

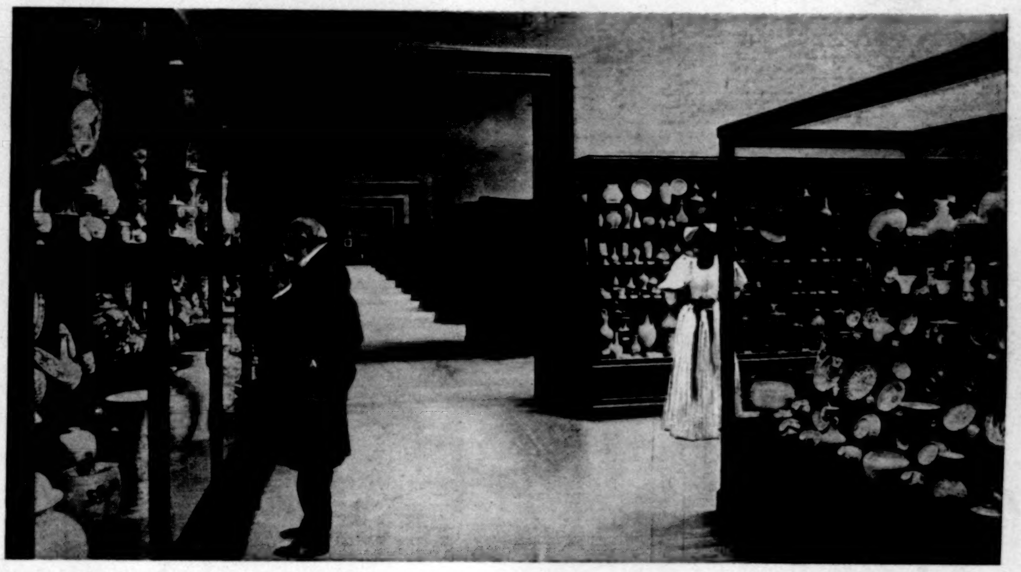
GOLD COIN, ABOUT 250 B.C.

COINS FROM THE FARMAN COLLECTION.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW NORTH WING.

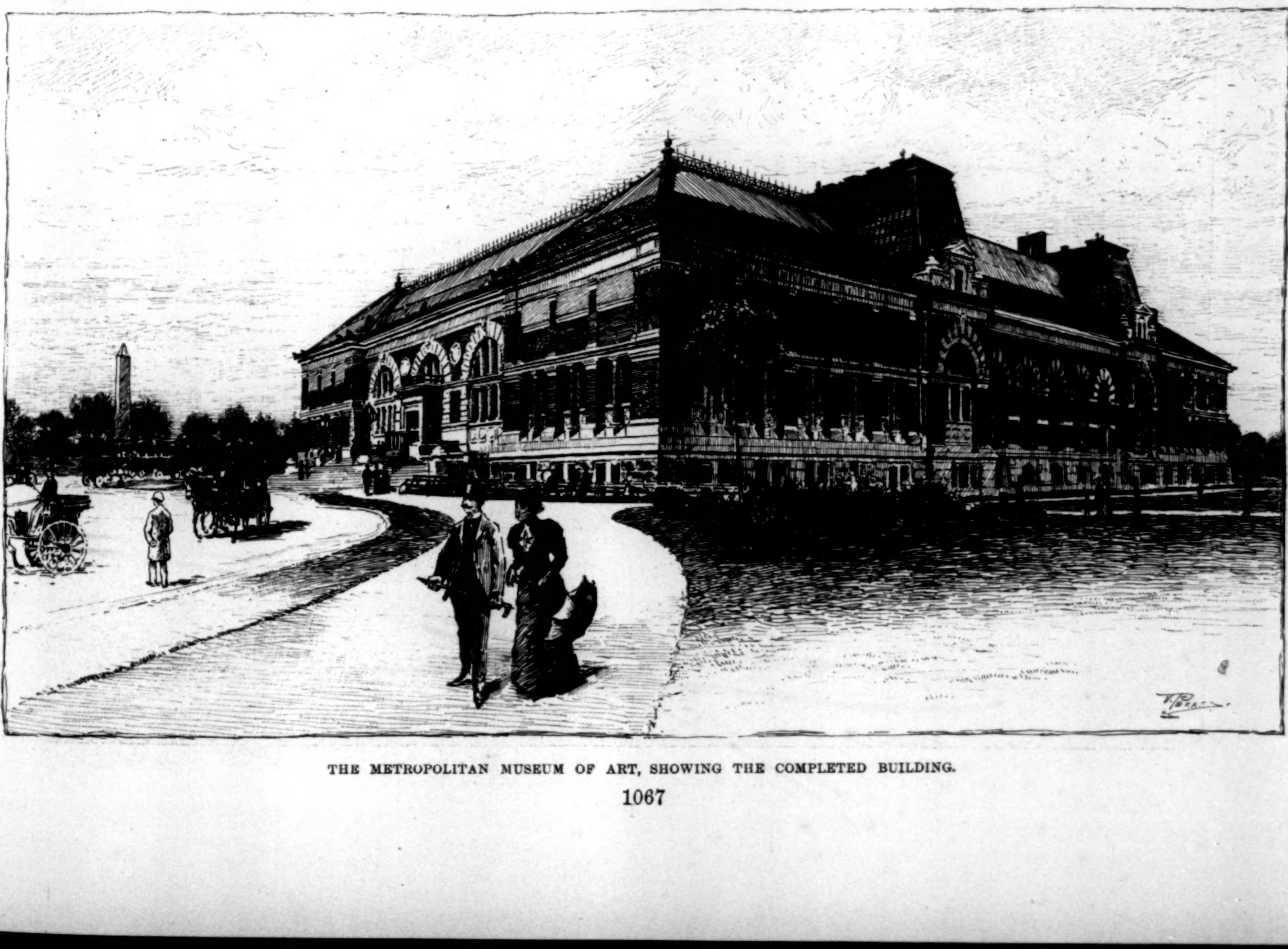
THE Municipal Art Society of New York has taken its motto from Burke: "If we are to love our country, our country must be lovely." Nothing could illustrate in a more striking way the public value of an association which undertakes to increase the number of the municipal possessions. The lack of civic pride, of a sense of individual responsibility among citizens for civic wrongs and abuses, is recognized as at the root of all our municipal woes. Now especially, when the civic wrongs and abuses are being dragged into light and exhibit all their foulness that has so long been concealed or dissembled, it is seen to be more and more urgently desirable that New York should somehow acquire the sense of civic shame which is the complement of the sense of civic pride. But if we are to be proud of New York, New York must have something to be proud of. When we come to enumerate the municipal possessions to which we can point the intelligent foreigner with pride, we have been able to number them, until quite lately, upon the thumb of one hand. We say, "There is the Central Park," and there we stop short, or begin to grope in our consciousness for something else worthy to be ranked with this our only boast, and without success. We have an Opera-House, it is true, and a Music Hall. Pretty soon we are going to have a place to trot horses, and by-and-by, we hope, a Cathedral. But just at present we have—in short, we have the Central Park.

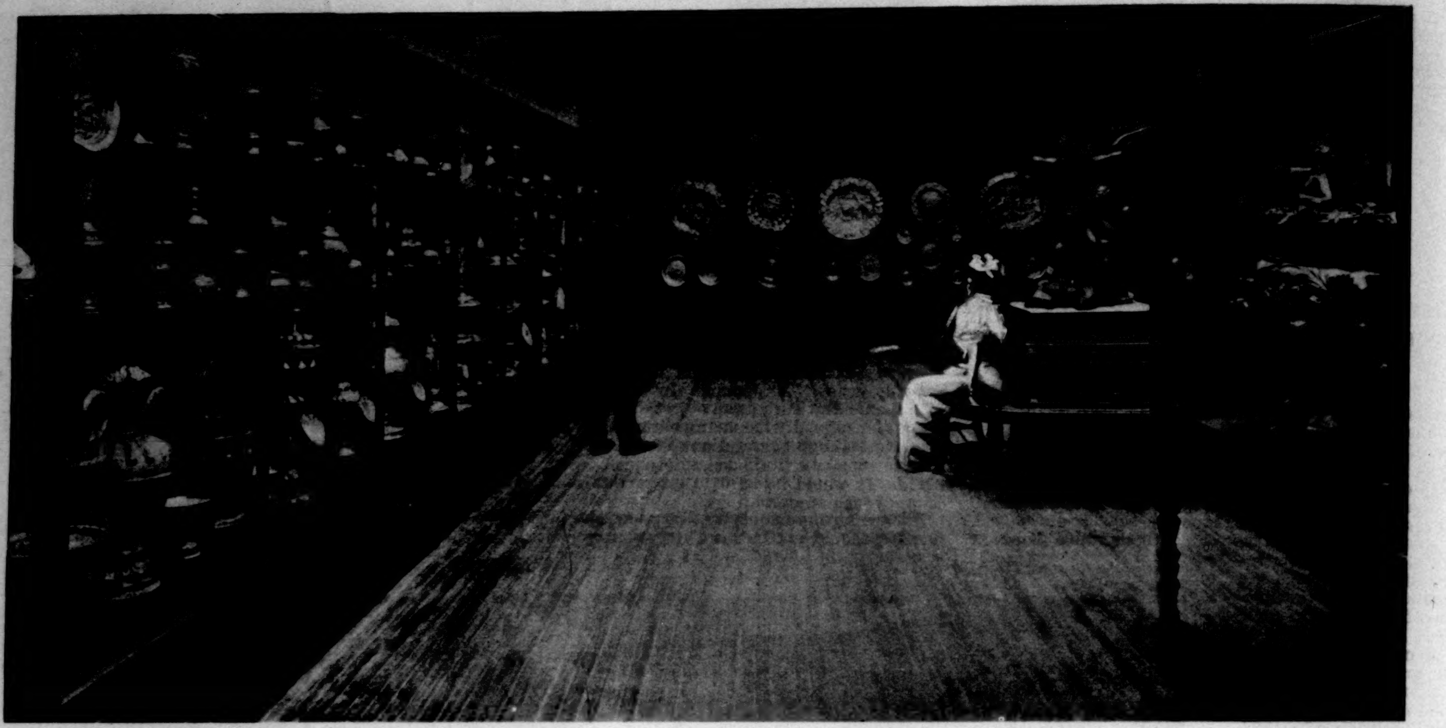

VISTA SHOWING NINE NEW GALLERIES.

But now, with the completion of the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum, and with the addition of more than one-third to the available space, the attractiveness of the museum, which has been steadily growing since the dim old days when its habitat was a dwelling in Fourteenth Street, is quite doubled at a single stroke. It has been working its way through all these intervening years to a commanding place in the regard of intelligent citizens, has imposed itself upon the city government as an object of municipal care, and has gathered by accretion from many individual sources. A result of all these years of patient and unselfish labor and giving is the great extension of the space now available for the collections, and the far more impressive and intelligible presentation of the collections that is there made possible, in such a form that it must command the attention for the moment of the most preoccupied and the most listless of New-Yorkers. The enlarged Metropolitan Museum is, in its complete form, virtually a new Metropolitan Museum. It takes its place with the Central Park as an object of just municipal pride. It goes far to justify the metropolitan claims of New York—to convert a huge aggregation of human beings, struggling for a fortune or a livelihood, into one of the capitals of the world. It would be hard to exaggerate the civic significance of such an event.

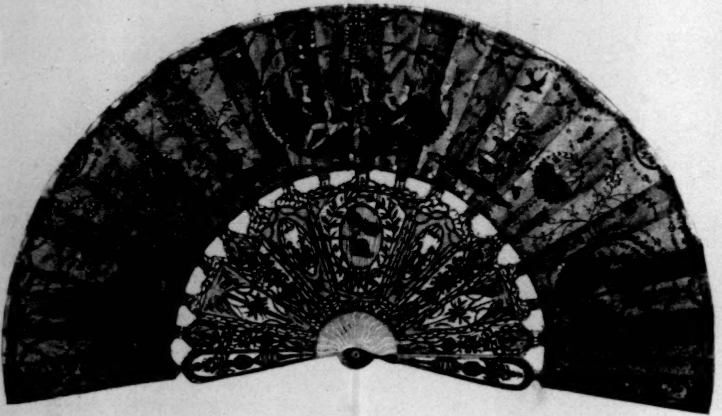
It is perhaps rather a pity that a museum in itself so impressive should not be more impressively housed. Architecturally the museum is not one of the boasts of New York. But that is neither exceptional in the architecture of museums nor mainly the fault of the builders of the extension. The nucleus of the building, now the great central hall, was not the product of a fortunate inspiration, having, indeed, little of interest beyond the vigorous design of the battering basement, which might perhaps have been wisely extended to the wings. But it committed the designer of the wings to its material, at least, and his skill has been shown in conforming his design to it, so that the distinct academic contrast of the styles employed does not produce the violent sense of incongruity that might have been apprehended. In itself the architecture of the new north wing, like that of the south, is at least not frivolous, and has even a certain rather unwieldy dignity. Its fault is that it is somewhat dull; but, considering the way the architectural world is going, mere dulness in a museum must be admitted to be an escape, and a "good fault." And, indeed, modern architecture does not, upon the whole, shine in modern museums. The Louvre is alone in affording a worthy example of national architecture, although there be Germans who are ready to profess that the museum of Berlin is Schinkel's masterpiece. But no Englishman professes pride in the outside of the British Museum, nor in any of the buildings at South Kensington, excepting the Museum of Natural History. In this country we have run the architectural gamut in museums, from the elaborate and high-colored and fantastical building of Boston, through the sombre Romanesque of the old Art Institute at Chicago, to the decorous Hellenism of the new and beautiful but quite irrelevant structure known to all the world as the Art Palace of the World's Fair, now become the home of the Field Museum. The Metropolitan Museum averages fairly well among these, even if there be in its architecture no nutriment for civic pride.

But it is by its suitableness to its purpose that a museum building especially is to be judged, and in the fulfilment of its practical requirements every visitor must admit that the new wing of the museum is not merely successful, but conspicuously and triumphantly successful. The six new halls on the ground-floor, the sixteen new galleries on the upper floor, admit of a far more accurate and scientific subdivision and classification of the contents of the museum than have heretofore been possible. There is not a nook in them in which the objects upon exhibition cannot be well seen. Upon the ground-floor, devoted as the new part of it is mainly to sculptural casts, for the most part on a large scale, the difficulty of a proper exposition comes mainly from the fact that the side lights of the openings are all that can be had. This difficulty has been obviated by the unusual and impressive loftiness of the story, and by the introduction of the courts, differing slightly in dimensions and shape from those in the south wing. Ample light is thus secured. But the success of the

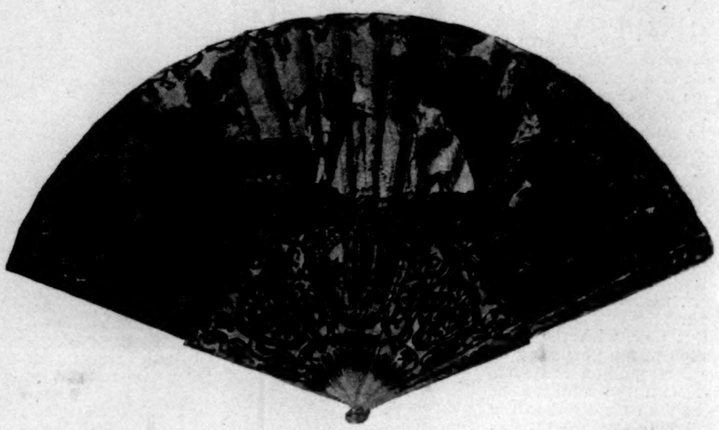

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, SHOWING THE COMPLETED BUILDING.



THE MARQUAND GALLERY OF METAL REPLICAS.

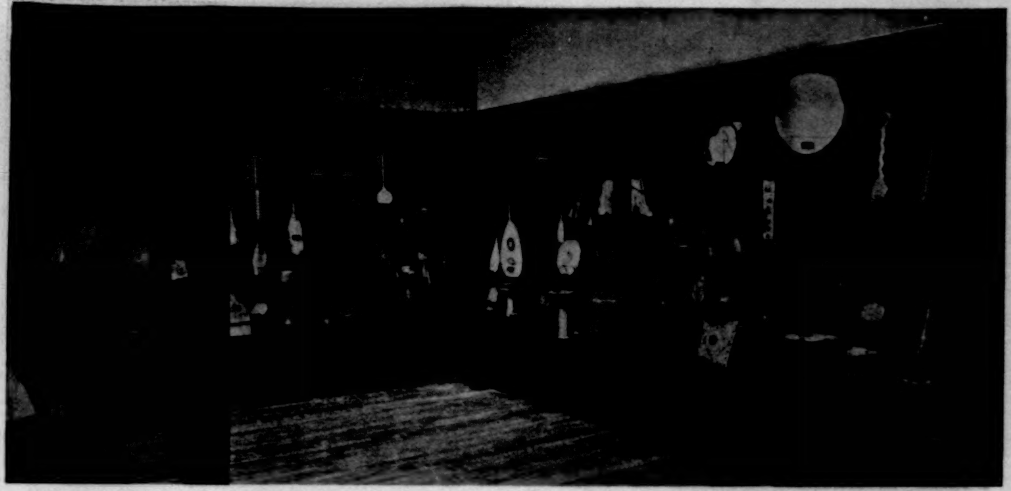


LOUIS XVI. FAN.—MINIATURES BY WEDGWOOD.—LAZARUS COLLECTION.



LOUIS XVI. FAN—PORTRAITS OF KING, QUEEN, AND DAUPHIN. LAZARUS COLLECTION.

THE EDWARD C. MOORE COLLECTION.



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF ALL NATIONS—ASIA AND AFRICA.

dispositions here, though complete for its purpose, is less striking than those upon the floor above, because in the galleries are many minute objects which, for their protection, have to be kept under glass. The lighting of the galleries is so admirable and perfect, however, that even upon a dark day the workmanship of the antique gems of the King collection and of the Babylonian seals can be satisfactorily seen and studied. One forgives the architect much more readily for not having produced a highly interesting façade than one would forgive him for having sacrificed the light of a single corner of his interior to his architecture. It is impossible to find fault with the disposition of the galleries for their purpose, so carefully has every detail been considered and provided for.

The foundation surface of the new wing is of 40,000 square feet. The total area of the two exhibition floors is 39,094, making the total area of exhibition space now available 102,998. It is a wonderful testimony to the diligence of the officers and trustees of the museum, and to the munificence of its benefactors, that this space is already scarcely more than is needed, and that while it is possible to reserve some space for the completion of the several departments, any very considerable accession to the contents of the museum will involve a still further extension of its building.

Access is gained to the ground-floor of the new wing directly from the great central hall, and to the galleries by the stairways already provided. Very notable additions have been made during the summer to the contents of the central hall. The representation, by means of the Willard collection of architectural casts, of the great historical styles of architecture, has been carried far towards completeness by the erection of the model of Notre Dame of Paris, a monumental work in its way, being constructed on the same scale of one in twenty that was employed in the previous erections of the models of the Parthenon and the Pantheon, and thus affords an instructive basis of comparison. In this manner a very satisfactory exposition is furnished of classic and Gothic architecture. An equally instructive exposition of Byzantine and of Saracenic architecture would make the display of the central hall almost encyclopediacal.

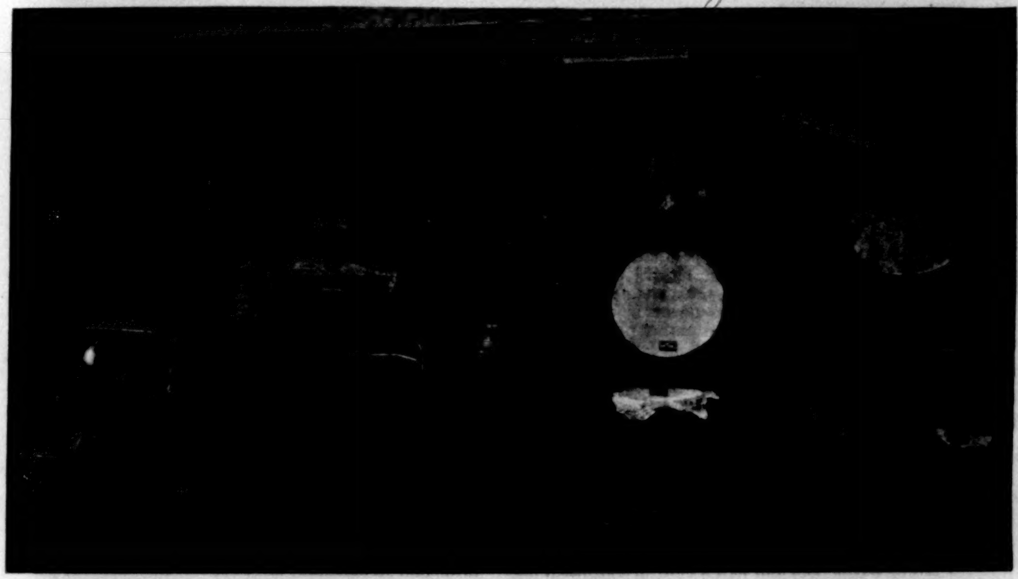
While the galleries of the new wing will attract visitors most and detain them longest, the halls of the ground-floor are full of interest and instruction. The casts of ancient sculpture are all assembled here under the new arrangement made possible by the increase of space, and important additions have been made to them. The Assyrian Room for the first time enables us to appreciate, as, thanks to Layard's labors, Londoners have so long been able to appreciate, the ancient art of the Tigris and the Euphrates. The collection of Greek casts, too, shown to far better advantage than before, is approaching completeness, and the New-Yorker may already apply to himself the opening lines of Dante Rossetti's noble "Burden of Nineveh":

> "In our museum galleries
> To-day I lingered o'er the prize
> Dead Greece vouchsafes to living eyes,—
> Her art forever in fresh wise
> From hour to hour rejoicing me."

The halls of Greek and Roman and Renaissance casts are not yet, however, far enough advanced in their arrangement to be opened to the public.

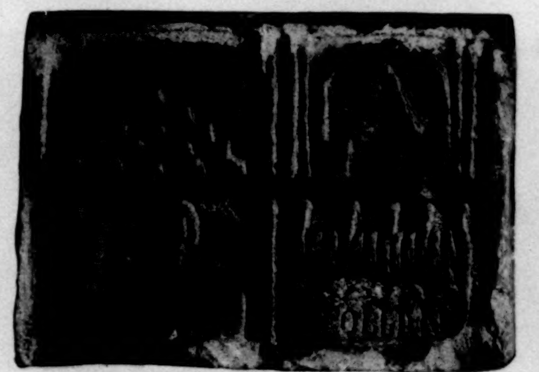
Ascending the west staircase, one finds himself at the entrance of the new series of galleries, of a uniform height of twenty feet, rectangular in plan, but varying somewhat in size, the "Gold Room," placed between the courts, and lighted from both sides as well as from above, being much the largest. Except in this and the terminal galleries 14 and 29, the lighting is entirely from above, and, as has already been said, it is perfect. The walls are of maroon, except in the Gold Room, which is hung with crimson damask; the cases are of ebonized wood and plate-glass.

A fitting introduction to the grand display is furnished by the first gallery, numbered 14. This contains the Marquand collection of Metallic Reproductions, a unique and imposing collection of the famous historical objects in bronze, gold, silver, iron, and other metals among the art treasures of Russia. They are for the most part monumental, some of them colossal in scale, and the general effect of their size, their elaborate workmanship, and their burnished surfaces is distinctly "stunning." Here is a collection of the goldsmiths' work of the English, French, Spanish, German,



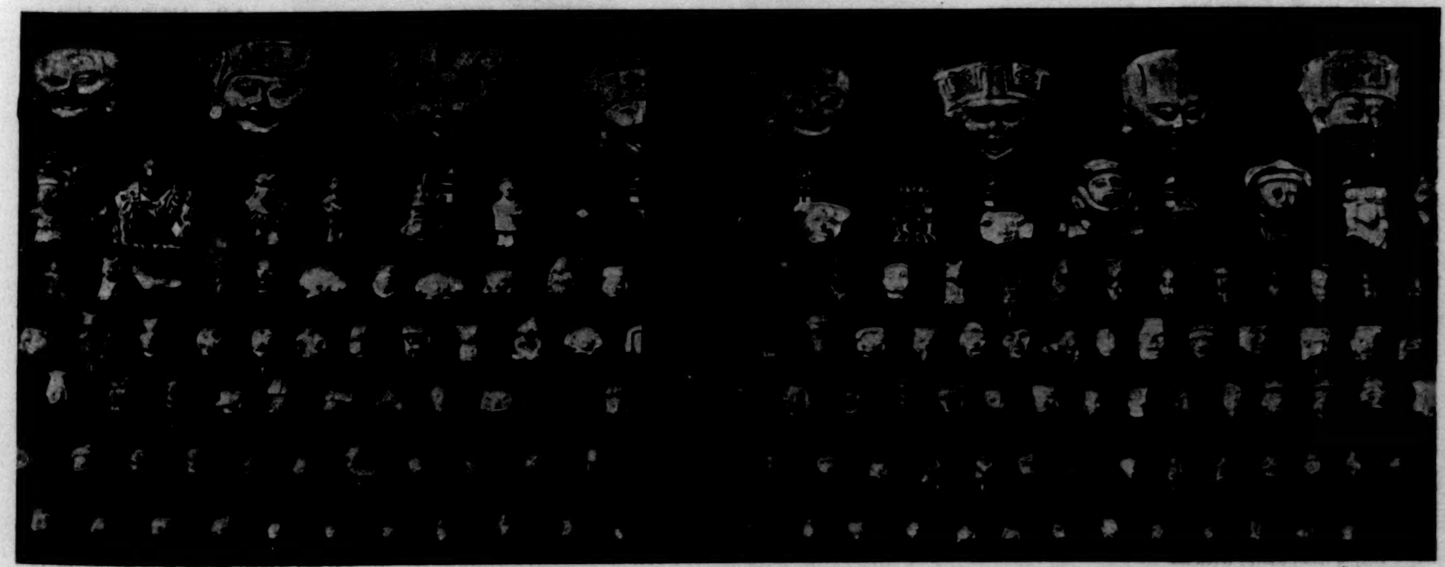
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF ALL NATIONS—SAVAGE TRIBES.

TOLTEC STONE SNAKE.—PETICH COLLECTION.



CORNER-STONE OF THE HOUSE OF CORTES.
PETICH COLLECTION.

AZTEC LUNAR DIAL STONE.—PETICH COLLECTION.



ANCIENT MEXICAN TERRA-COTTA FIGURES.—PETICH COLLECTION.

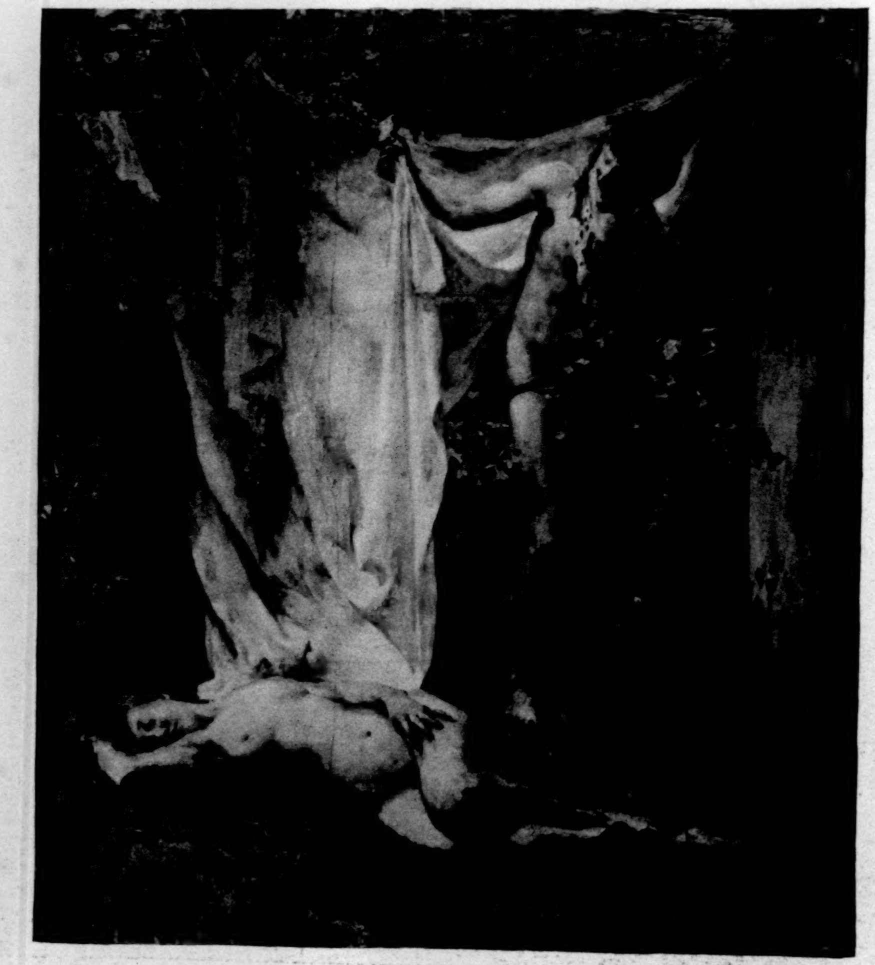
THE AVERY COLLECTION OF CHINESE PORCELAINS.

ETRUSCAN GOLD FIBULA, OR PIN, IN FINE GRANULAR WORK. S. T. BAXTER COLLECTION.

Russian, Greco-Scythian, Roman, Italian, Etruscan, and other nationalities, containing typical examples of craftsmanship from the fifth century B.C. down to the eighteenth century. Beakers are plentiful, some in imbricated scale pattern, some engraved with sibyl figures and Sclavonic characters. Here are the celebrated cup of tazza, simple and graceful; the Greco-Scythian vase, electrum, fifth century B.C.; the holy-oil chalice from the Troitsa monastery; flagons and tankards, gold and silver plateaus with representations of allegorical and Biblical incidents in repoussé; armorial and ecclesiastical objects; the bronze statuette of Louis XIV. from the Hermitage; the colossal wine-cistern of English handicraft, with bacchanalian adornment, from the Winter Palace; inkstands, bells, ewers, and the marvellous clock of Jeremias Metsker, of Augsburg.

Gallery 15 is devoted to the E. C. Moore collection, bequeathed to the museum on condition that it should be kept together. But for this condition it would doubtless have been distributed according to the general scheme of classification. But the visitor who visits the museum for the delight of his eyes, and not for instruction first or mainly, is disposed to feel grateful to the testator for imposing the condition, and, for once in a way, insuring the preservation of a collection of which the bond of union is chiefly the beauty of the objects assembled. It is, at all events, a very delightful room. The collection is rich in examples of old Persian, Arabian, Venetian, Roman, and Greek glass, intense with lustrous glazes, with the iridescence and the crackle of time on tile and vase, lamp, cup, and bowl, in red, brown, green, and gold. Here are some choice sword-guards, lacquers, and inlays, intricate in design and filigree; ceintures from Bulgaria; East Indian and Turkish benches; jewelry from the Orient; a splendid group of thirty pieces of Tanagra terra-cottas. Over the cabinets the wall background is hung most tastefully with Japanese stuffs arranged in panels, while projecting at intervals are numerous shelves, receptacles for special objects in bronze. The very miscellaneousness of the collection gives a special charm to the room, by giving assurance that these are the things chosen to be lived with by a genuine and sensitive connoisseur.

Gallery 16, reserved for temporary exhibits, is, for the present, to be occupied by Mr. S. P. Avery's unique collection of etchings. The adjoining gallery, No. 17, affords a worthy lodgement for the well-known collection of Chinese porcelains, the gift of the same collector to the museum, which can now, for the first time, be so seen as to be really appreciated in its charm of fantastic shapes and tender or glowing colors. It has been made with so scrupulous a regard for authenticity, as well as for beauty, that it is highly instructive, and that it cannot be misleading. Gallery No. 18, devoted in the catalogue to "Japanese art, etc.," impresses the spectator as more specifically a gallery of arms and armor. It contains objects of ancient armor, and figures of warriors fully accoutred in mediæval mail, while in the two central cabinets one may study from all sides the state and official Japanese swords, originally part of the Brayton Ives collection. Long and short swords in silver and gold mounts, with vine, flower, fruit, and animal ornamentation, and fine lacquers, carvings, and colorings, are grouped most effectively. It is true that the side cabinets are devoted to choice specimens of Japanese textile designs, every one of them furnishing a profound study to artist and artisan, and a pleasure to the curious visitor.



NYMPH AND SATYR, BY W. J. KLINE—THE LAZARUS TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP PRIZE PICTURE;
In the Competition conducted under the Auspices of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Of especial interest to the ladies, but of great interest to all students of artistic industry, is the exhibit of lace, which has long been one of the strong points of the museum, but has never before been so easy to be admired and appreciated as it is now in Gallery 19. Here are rare and exquisite examples of French, Italian, antique English, Brussels, antique Irish, Flemish, and Oriental laces from the hands of the early toilers in shop, cloister, and palace. These poetic tissues, filmy aureoles, which have tried the patience and ingenuity of hearts and eyes and fingers, will bear scrutiny for the intricacy as well as the beauty and history of each piece. A whole life has been wrought into the long scarf of old Venetian point, the gift of Mrs. Maria E. Hotchkiss, that is upward of five yards long and half a yard in width—so long that it cannot be fully displayed even on both faces of a screen. A collar and scarf border, very noteworthy for the free and artistic use made in their design of bud and tendril, are exquisitely fine in tracery as the web of a subtle insect. Some choice designs of Italian lace are noticeable, those from Mrs. R. L. Stuart and Mrs. J. J. Astor being distinguished. Other gifts, from Miss P. Barnett and Mrs. Nathalie G. Baylis, are especially worthy of mention.

The Phœnix and Coleman bronzes, lacquers, and potteries occupy Gallery 20. This collection contains many standard and well-known objects in vases, boxes, bowls, and saucers, as well as trays, cabinets, and cloisonné enamel. Some of the finest specimens extant of lacquers are enshrined in the central cabinet. The admirable Japanese collection of Mr. Charles Stewart Smith occupies Gallery 21, a collection mainly of porcelain and of screens. The screens are remarkable specimens of Japanese pictorial art, while among the objects especially noteworthy for beauty or for rarity are the incense-boxes, the water-vessels, the hawthorn-jar, a number of pieces of faience, and some tiny wine-cups.

The climax of the new wing, and, in its way, of the whole museum, is reached in the Gold Room, where sumptuous art is carried to its very highest pitch, and even the inexpert perceives that the objects by which he is surrounded in so glittering a profusion are far-sought and priceless. The entrance is flanked by the magnificent Osgood candelabra. The wall cabinets contain some of the most beautiful and costly objects known to the world. Prehistoric gold plate, ancient Peruvian objects in silver and gold, the Cesnola Curium and other engraved gems, as well as amulets, necklaces, bracelets with traces of enamel, delicate and unmatchable examples of the ancient goldsmith's art; the Cyrus W. Field medals, boxes, and jewels; the Moses Lazarus collection of miniatures, some of them perfect marvels of minute details and fidelity to color and likeness; the not less remarkable Garland loan collection of gold boxes; the Johnston-King collection of ancient engraved gems; the S. T. Baxter cabinets of Longobardic, Roman, and Etruscan ornaments, precious in handiwork as well as historically; Professor Ward's inscribed seal-cylinders, seals, weights, etc., Assyrian, Cypriote, and Babylonian; Egyptian scarabæi; antique and Renaissance silver spoons, and other products of the jeweller's and engraver's art go to make up an assemblage that will repay, and, indeed, that demands, days and weeks of study. One is not surprised to be told that in actual market value this wonderful gallery far exceeds any other devoted to a like purpose in the world. Among its unique contents is the loan collection of coins made by the Hon. E. E. Farman during his consul-generalship in Egypt. A reasonably honest numismatist might pray to be delivered from the temptation of being left alone with these marvellous cases. The examples here cover a period from Alexander the Great down to the division of the Roman Empire, embracing 300 years before and 300 years after Christ, or all of the time that ancient Egypt had coinage of its own. The earliest example is a coin of Alexander Ægus, the posthumous son of Alexander the Great; the latest, of Galerius Maximianus, 292 to 305 A.D. In addition to this array there is a case of gold Byzantine coin ranging from 337 to 711 A.D., and of Arabic from 706 to 1770 A.D. There are also well-preserved specimens of Roman gold coin found in Egypt, from a coin of Augustus Cæsar of the year 2 down to Licinius, 211 to 223 A.D.

GOLD PHALERA, OR BOSS.—LONGOBARD WORK.
A Cameo Centre of Victory surrounded by Eight Antique Glass Pastes of different Colors.

The Moses Lazarus collection of fans and the Garland collection of antique embroideries fill up the cabinets in Gallery 23. The central cases expose both front and reverse of some extraordinary and beautiful fans, scarcely one of which is without historical significance. The epochs of all the three Louis of France are represented, as well as English, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, German, and Chinese workmanship. Marie Antoinette's ivory fan is conspicuous, and there are notable examples from the hands of Watteau, "Vernis" Martin, Boucher, and other fan-painters of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, covering the whole gay period of royalist France.

Gallery 24 is the new abode of the Marquand collection of European porcelains, to which extensive and valuable additions have been made since the removal of the collection from its old quarters. There are precious bits of royal Sèvres in delicate glazes, rare products of French and Italian kilns. One wall is given to a superb assemblage of Hispano-Moresque ware in monumental pieces, the opposite wall to a collection of Delft, and it is hard to assign the preference.

Oriental and European ivories and cabinet inlays fill the cabinets in Gallery 25. The interesting Japanese ivories forming the Franklin H. Tinker collection, equally remarkable in design and in modelling, cover one entire wall. Another case shows numerous examples of antique reproduction of ivories, while there are many special exhibits, such as the ebony and ivory William Penn cabinet, the figure of the prisoner of Chillon, the carved tusks, and the Blücher cane.

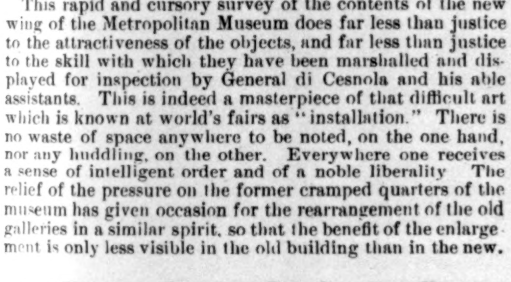
Gallery 26 is devoted to miscellaneous objects, among them enamels, majolicas, medals, engraved and repoussé tobacco-boxes, Capo di Monte ware, microscopic frames intricately and skilfully carved, reproductions of Napoleon medals, the models of Ericsson's inventions, objects relating to the laying of the Atlantic cable and to the honors bestowed upon Cyrus W. Field.

One of the most striking as well as one of the most interesting displays in the museum is that of musical instruments, occupying Galleries 27 and 28. It is made up of the Drexel collection and the much larger and more complete Crosby Brown collection. It is said, and one can easily believe, that it is exceeded in extent and completeness by but one foreign collection—that of the museum of Brussels Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea are all represented, often by specimens of which the pictorial value is even greater than their value as contributions to the history of the world's music. The piano-forte and its predecessors are shown from the rudimentary beginning to a model of the action of a modern concert grand. Reeds and strings and drums are all here, a mute concert of all instruments To render the collection entirely complete the only desideratum seems to be an adequate representation of the stringed instrument of the viol class that preceded and prefigured the violin—the viola d' amore, the viola di gamba, the basso di camera. The instruments of the violin family themselves, being still practical and playable instruments of music, are scarcely appropriate for museums; but there are now so many examples in New York of the famous makers of Cremona and Brescia and Venice that it ought to be possible to organize in these galleries a temporary loan exhibition of old violins that would rival, if it did not surpass, the famous exhibition held at South Kensington in 1873. It was in his memorable review of that exhibition that Charles Reade maintained, with his usual vigor, that a Cremona fiddle was a work of pictorial as much as of musical art, and that it was "bought by the eye," and not by the ear.

Finally one must not omit to note as one of the surprises of the exhibition the display of American antiquities in Gallery No. 29, where the Petich collection in particular is calculated to give the visitor an entirely new appreciation of the aboriginal art of Mexico.

The educational influence of the museum is shown also by the presentation of the winning picture in the competition for the Lazarus travelling scholarship, which was conducted under the auspices of the museum, and is, in a sense, the outcome of its school. The competition was limited to American art students under thirty Not only was the subject designated, but a definite and minute scheme was laid down for the guidance of the competitors, in which the position and size of the figures and the nature of the composition were prescribed The result was, naturally, a considerable sameness among the thirteen pictures submitted, but the terms made it easier for the judges to award the prize for proficiency in the art of painting without extraneous head-distracting considerations. The value of the prize is $2400. The winner, Mr. Kline, is a young Georgian, who has studied at the Art Students' League and at the National Academy.

This rapid and cursory survey of the contents of the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum does far less than justice to the attractiveness of the objects, and far less than justice to the skill with which they have been marshalled and displayed for inspection by General di Cesnola and his able assistants. This is indeed a masterpiece of that difficult art which is known at world's fairs as "installation." There is no waste of space anywhere to be noted, on the one hand, nor any huddling, on the other. Everywhere one receives a sense of intelligent order and of a noble liberality The relief of the pressure on the former cramped quarters of the museum has given occasion for the rearrangement of the old galleries in a similar spirit, so that the benefit of the enlargement is only less visible in the old building than in the new.



THE NEW GALLERIES.

14. Metallic Reproductions.
15. E. C. Moore Bequest.
16. Temporary Exhibits.
17. Chinese Porcelain.
18. Japanese Art, etc.
19. Old Laces.
20. Japanese Bronzes and Pottery.
21. Japanese Porcelain.
22. Gold Room
23. Fans and Stuffs.
24. European Porcelain.
25. Oriental and European Ivories.
26. Miscellaneous.
27. Musical Instruments.
28. Musical Instruments.
29. American Antiquities.

One cannot walk through these galleries without feeling grateful to the men to whom we owe them, and to the collectors. As the old scholar "thanked God that He had put it into the hearts of some men to make dictionaries," the appreciative visitor must be thankful that some men have been inspired to "collect," and especially that there is now in New York, thanks to the museum, an efficient sentiment that a man whose collections are of public interest and value should not house them in his own premises, but should put them in these galleries at the service of the public. The civic pride with which New-Yorkers have a right to regard the museum which constitutes one of the strongest claims of New York to be regarded as a capital must be tempered by a sense of shame that it has been left to a very few men of public spirit to bear the burden of so noble an enterprise and to carry it to so imposing a result.

THE NEW SPOONER LIBRARY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.

THE formal presentation, acceptance, and opening of the Spooner Library building of Kansas State University took place at Lawrence, Kansas, October 10th. This dedication was made a notable occasion. Educators and men of learning from many States were present when the Governor of Kansas, for the people of the State, received the magnificent gift from the estate of the donor, William B Spooner, of Boston, Massachusetts. The principal address of the ceremonies was delivered by Cyrus W Northrup, President of the University of Minnesota.

The Spooner Library is the sixth building to be erected at the University of Kansas. This group of buildings stands upon an eminence overlooking the valley of the Kaw, one of the largest tributaries of the Missouri. Facing the west, and upon the east slope of the hill, stands the library building It is built of blue limestone taken from the site, trimmed with red Dakota sandstone The architects, Messrs. Van Brunt and Howe, of Boston and Kansas City, ignoring the old idea that a library is only a storage-room or depository for books, erected a building simple in construction, convenient, adequate in its detail, and thoroughly modern in design Its front entrance is from a massive portico opening on the second floor. The stairways leading to the third floor and to the basement below are flanked by cloak-rooms, the newspaper-room, and one of the six seminary rooms in the building. The reading-room, commodious and well lighted, is modern in every detail, including reading-tables, deadened floors, lighted with incandescent electric lamps, furnished with alcoves for private study, and at the east end of which is the librarian's office and cataloguer's rooms, equipped with the latest devices for the quick handling of the 100,000 books which is the capacity of the five-story fire-proof book-stack that faces the east end of the entire structure. The basement is entirely aboveground, and contains, besides the large storage-rooms, quarters where the books are received, invoiced, and sent up to the cataloguers by means of lifts. There are five seminary rooms on this floor. The third floor of the structure is taken up with a banqueting-hall with the necessary adjuncts.

The University of Kansas stands high among the State universities that have made a place for the State school among the institutions for higher learning. The work done at the University of Kansas is collegiate work, no preparatory or academic studies being taught. Instruction is given in law, pharmacy, engineering, in addition to the art studies.

The University of Kansas began its first year in 1866 with seventy-eight students. There has been a steady growth in all departments from year to year, until now there are in attendance over eight hundred students. There are now fifty-five members of the faculty. Eight buildings are in constant use by university classes and laboratories.

The Spooner gift was the first bequest received by the institution At the time of its receipt this gift was the largest amount of money ever given to a State institution. Since its receipt two larger bequests have been received by Kansas State University.

This Western school is little known in some States, but throughout the Middle and Western States the University of Kansas ranks very high.

In troubled Kansas has grown up an educational centre where can be found culture and learning of the broadest type.

JOHN M. STEELE.

THE CONQUEST OF THE MISTI.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. W. PETERS, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

WITHIN the last few days news (more in the form of rumor than authenticated fact) has reached here that the Harvard Observatory established at Arequipa, with a station on the summit of the Misti, one of the great volcanic peaks of Peru, has been destroyed by vandal revolutionists. It is not known whether it is the station or the observatory that is meant by the meagre telegraphic despatches, and it is hoped that the latter has been spared

The observatory is now in charge of Professor Solon I. Bailey, who, with his family, lives in the well-protected observatory in the little valley at the foot of the great peak.

Arequipa is a hotbed of fanaticism, and the Peruvians have never gotten over their mistrust and hatred of Americans. In many ways they have made Professor Bailey's work as difficult for him as it was in their power to do.

Where the 14,000-foot plateau, which is the western rim of the vast Titicaca Basin of Peru, suddenly breaks down and sprawls away by headlong eroded slopes to the distant sea, the three giants of Arequipa stand as if to wall back the caving brink They loom up in a long crescent line—to the north, compound Charchani, 20,100 feet in the sky; in the centre, the perfect cone of the Misti, 19,300; and stretching far to the south the cyclopean battlements of Pichu-Pichu, 17,000 In the chord of their arc, under the very foot of El Misti, a green lap of the liberated river Chile, thrice beautiful by contrast with the circumfluent desert, holds the marble-white of Arequipa. This is the second city in Peru, and the most picturesque; the godliest and the most shaken; the mother of revolutions, and "the Daughter of the Misti," as she loves to call herself.

About this ancient volcano hangs a most curious spell. It owes its immemorial pre-eminence to no empiric chance; but has conquered its place as the best-known and most revered mountain in Peru by sheer force of character Fuji-san is by a half the tallest peak known to Japan, so its sanctity is small wonder; but the Misti, among a host of greater peaks, has taken first place. From its shoulders one sees across to the wondrous bulk of Coropuna, glaciered to its visible base, and 22,800 feet in height. Even at the Misti's very elbow is the noble mass of Charchani, a superb peak in every point of view, a thousand feet the loftier—and a thousand feet on such a mountain is effective as the nasal inch of familiar proverb. But it avails not. It is the Misti, and only the Misti, of which the Arequipeños think, to which they look, of which they will speak to you. So far as concerns its standing at home, the mightier peak might as well be blotted from the sky.

The first Caucasian ascent of the Misti was made more than two centuries ago by monks of Arequipa. The student would have foreknown. If there was a danger to be met, a trophy to be taken for scholarship, your shaven man in gray was like to be first in the field. Perhaps this fulness of impulse was one of the reasons why they were missionaries who converted. They of Arequipa climbed the great cone, and planted upon its rim their cross, and left modest record of their deed. It was unquestionably the highest point that civilized man had ever trodden up to their day.

But they were by no means the first bravers of the Misti. Centuries before them the unreclaimed aboriginal victims of Inca rapacity had striven to the very crater; not for knowledge, but with purely Indian motives. To get nearer Those Above.

They not only ascended the apex, but dived into the crater, there to make their sacrifices in a sheltered spot. It struck me, after ten years' field study of Indians, as perhaps the most Indian thing I had ever seen, when I counted the ruins of prehistoric altars in the crater of the Misti.

Every now and again there is a craze for ascending the volcano, and heroes for life are brevetted by the half-dozen, until some fatality checks the endemic for a few years. The peak has an uncanny way of taking mortal toll now and then. But of late its grim and mysterious dignity has received, in the minds of the faithful, a terrible blow.

In September, 1893, science scored a great triumph in the conquest of Mont Blanc, upon whose apex M. Janssen set his observatory 15,733 feet above the sea. It was a most notable achievement, fully worthy the illustrious Frenchman. In the same month a Yankee scientist achieved a far more potential victory by planting an observatory more than 3500 feet higher than Mont Blanc—that by the yard-stick; but in atmospheric results several times as high.

A couple of miles up stream from Arequipa—over the ancient Spanish bridge, up devious cobbled alleys beset with the stone huts of the poor, past the fields of upper irrigation, and just beyond a squat Indian hamlet—a commanding eminence is crowned with the stone buildings of the Peruvian observatory of Harvard College. Astronomy is learning something these latter days, and among them the tardy rudiment that the places where observatories have habitually been built are precisely the places where they are least able to do the work they were built for Like several junior sciences, this graybeard has at last to betake his forgotten legs in chase of knowledge too perverse to pursue him Of the sudden renaissance which has so set astronomy afield in the last decade, this Harvard campaign is thus far the most important fruit The beginnings of this specific enterprise were in 1889, when Solon I. Bailey, Assistant Professor of Astronomy in Harvard College Observatory, landed in Peru to seek the best site for a South American station. For something over a year a temporary station was maintained upon Mount Harvard, a ridge thirty-five miles from Lima, and about 6500 feet above sea-level. Meantime Professor Bailey made thorough trial through Peru and upper Chile for a perfect location, and as a result of his reconnoissance the Arequipa site was elected late in 1890. Professor William H Pickering (now in charge of the new Harvard station at Flagstaff, Arizona), relieved Professor Bailey in January, 1891, and under his direction the commodious building for observer and staff and adequate houses for the instruments were erected. The site is an ideal one in convenience, beauty, horizon, altitude (8000 feet), and above all in the ineffable clarity of the atmosphere of the arid lands. Professor Pickering did important work here during his two years. One upward step was the establishment of a meteorological station on the side of Charchani at an altitude of 16,650 feet, then the highest in the world.

In the spring of 1893 Professor Bailey again became resident observer in Arequipa, relieving Professor Pickering. Since that time he has been actively carrying on the work for which the observatory is at present equipped—chiefly photometric observations of the Southern stars By the ingenious attachment of an eye-piece to the 13-inch telescope he overcame that harassing perversity of stellar photography—the difficulty of "keeping up with the procession" through a long exposure. By this contrivance the motion of the telescope is controlled by an image formed by its own objective, and photographs which rank among astronomers as "very remarkable" have been obtained of the principal southern constellations. On a photograph of ω Centauri more than 7000 stars are visible in a region 30′ square. Two of these stars have been found to be variable, and in the cluster 47 Tucanæ Professor Bailey has shown three variable. It is to be recorded as a triumph that in these cluster photographs the images of the stars are almost perfectly circular, though the exposure lasted sometimes more than three hours. The magnificent 24-inch photographic telescope[*] recently finished for the Arequipa observatory will greatly further that branch of the Peruvian work. Still later Professor Bailey has sent the Cambridge observatory photograph charts of the vicinity of η Carinæ, with exposures of six and *fourteen* hours, in which the images of the stars are still nearly circular

But while carrying on, and with distinguished success, the somewhat limited work prescribed by temporary lack of adequate instruments for louder-sounding investigations, Professor Bailey has also been pioneering. As any must who dwell long in the face of it, he came under the spell of the Misti. A layman thus bewitched would merely have yearned to climb or to paint or to bewrite the great peak; to the night-long burrower in the skies it became the inevitable theme for—an observatory! If he breathed this absurd ambition to any Arequipeño, he was certainly set down as demented. So would have been any one. Professor Bailey is not robust, nor in any wise a frontiersman; and his singularly bold conception earns double credit for its heterodoxy to his physique and training One much more athletic might well have declined the task.

The idea once rooted, Professor Bailey began its formulation with a characteristic blending of earnestness and precision. He took horse and made the tedious circuit of the peak; then certain surveys. Becoming more certain that his plan was feasible, and having chosen what appeared to be (and in fact was) the best line of attack, he promptly went forward. A stone hut for permanent base of supplies was built upon the eastern shoulder of the Misti, against the very foot of the cone, and a little higher than the top of Mont Blanc. Thence the serrano workman (no other labor avails at such altitudes in South America) built, under his eye, a zigzag trail up the volcanic ash from this hut to the summit, to win which it was necessary to wind round more than half the total circumference of the cone.

The encouragements were not legion. Aside from the distrust and incipient hostility of many Arequipeños (who were divided in opinion if the man were merely a fool or if he had discovered another of those omnipresent "Inca treasures" and were about to exploit it), the physical obstacles would have converted a less enthusiast. In his first attempt upon the fulness of the peak the scientist had, before 17,000

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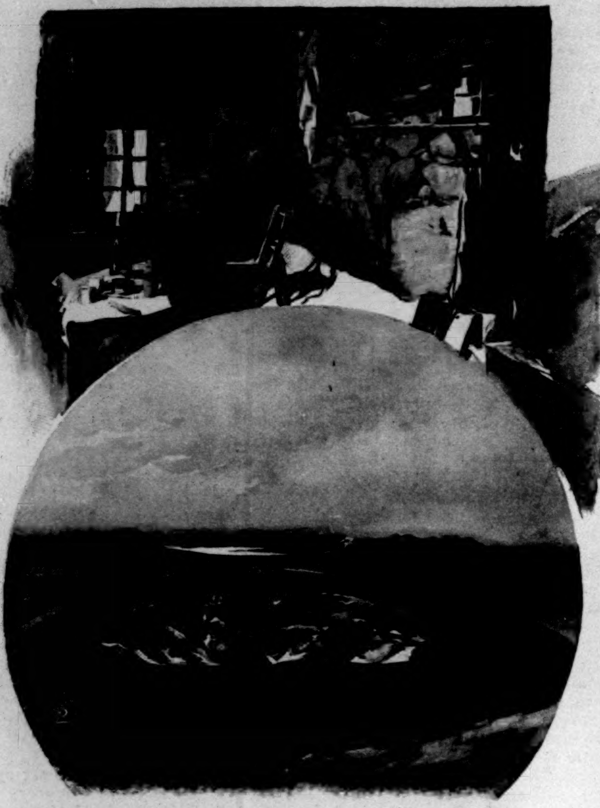
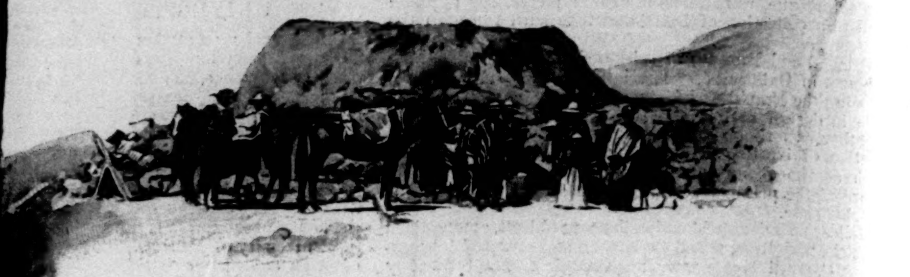
[*] A gift to Harvard College observatory by Miss C. W. Bruce.



1. INTERIOR OF THE SUPPLY HUT (16,000 FEET).
2. THE MISTI—THE TWO CRATERS, AS SEEN FROM THE STATION.
The Rim of the elder Crater is seen at the extreme left, and again at the right.



TAMBO DE LOS HUESOS, AT THE HEAD OF THE PASS OF THE BONES.

feet, a violent attack of *sorojchi*,* the Andean mountain-sickness. The spell lasted several hours, and was relieved only by retreat to lower levels. I believe he has never yet made an ascent without paying a penalty—as, indeed, few can.

But with the joint Yankee and scientist pluck he persevered, and in September, 1893, the very notable task was accomplished. The news that *aquel gringo* had fetched a dozen mules to the very crest of the superstition-haunted fire-mountain, and was even taking up lumber for a building, was received in Arequipa with blank stares, incredulous sniffs, and a final falling back on eloquent shrugs.

At this time I was absent, exploring the plateau of northern Bolivia. On the 23d of October, 1893, Professor Bailey, his nephew George Waterbury, and I left the Arequipa observatory before sunrise for the first visit to the new station. Making a detour through Arequipa to reach the overland trail, our variable mules wore out the uphill miles with the day, reaching in mid-afternoon the pass between the Misti and Pichu-Pichu. This uncanny defile, longer and more sand-heavy than the higher Andean passes (it is only about 14,000 feet), is singled out to bear a name as fit for all—Height (or Pass) of the Bones. It does, indeed, grin everywhere with *huesos*, sole skeletons and skeletons *en banc*, the scattered or assembled relics of mules, horses, even llamas, that have here succumbed to the terror of the Andes *sorojchi*. I fancy there are no more of these mementos mori here than in other Andean passes of my knowledge, nor are they ghastlier white. Perhaps it is because more of the road is at once visible than is usual in these passes, and because the dead sand is fit setting for whatsoever is of death and desolation, that they are peculiarly impressive.

The pass is a tilted trough in shape. On the right the crenate walls of Pichu-Pichu stop short with a wide-split half crater. On the left the sharp bare cone of El Misti runs up the sky with a swiftness half incredible to any eye taught in orologic angles. And dwindling down ahead,

> "Long and straight and dusty to the grave,"

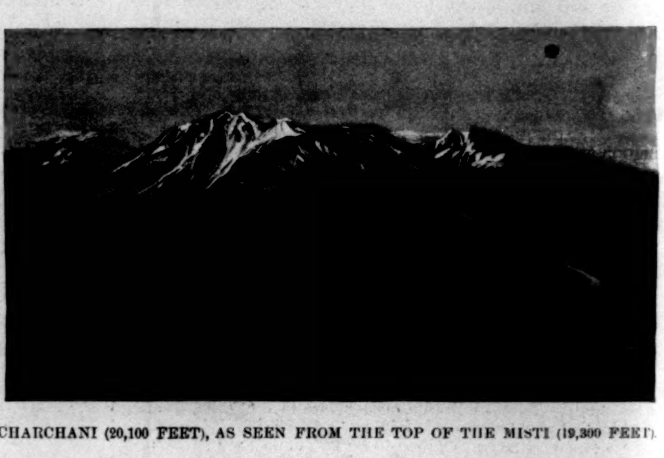
the pale road, jotted with its skeletal memoranda, and maze-furrowed with the cleft feet of the little camel of Peru.

Passing the bulk of the Misti, we came at 3 P.M. to the unkempt Tambo de los Milagros, with its world of two dwarf serranos, their more squalid women, and most squalid children—squalid, but "boy" to the last. Here, while we lunched and stretched after nine hours in the accursed Peruvian saddle, a relay of predestined mules were cinched upon with a cargo for the supply hut, and sallying from the Miracles in the latter edge of afternoon, groaning up dusk steepnesses by five-yard spurts, we came at eight of the night to the 16,000-foot hut. The beds and food were stowed under the squat roof, a putative fire of the *yareta* gave reluctant cheer, and a zealous meal set us in peace. At such altitudes conversation is not useful. In half an hour each sleeping-roll counted its proper contents, and one at least held a sound sleeper.

At 3 A.M. we were astir in that gray chill when Nature's vitality seems low as that of her children. A few perfunctory swallows of cold lunch and coffee and we were off. Our three saddle-mules led, and behind us came three serranos towing the baggage train.

After a few hundred feet I dismounted, rendered unto my special peon my camera and mule, and proceeded afoot with genuine relief. Years of mountaineering have made it easier for me to walk *anywhere* than to ride an animal where it has to stop for breath for ten minutes at every ten yards or less. With consummate care not to overdo, for the *sorojchi* is a genie that even the most conceited athlete should never tempt, I made the summit without hardship or special fatigue an hour ahead of the best-spurred quadrupeds. It is distressful to watch their distress under the slightest exertion at those lethal altitudes, and one may be thankful who need ask no favors of their legs.

For some distance the path mounts, by recurrent Z's, directly upward from the hut. At about the line where cease the strange yellow domes of the *yareta*—that providential resinous moss which is chief fuel in this stickless region—it bears off suddenly to the right to dodge the ancient lava flows. The trail is merely a lop-sided furrow in the deep scoriæ. It is a succession of variously tipsy Z's, sprawling to one side or the other, with members of ever-varying length, and symmetrical only in that all are steep as man or beast can well clamber in so heavy a footing. Perhaps the slowest travel in the world is this mule-backing at Andean altitudes. Ten to fifteen yards at a snail's pace is the extreme limit of a relay; and between each two such progressions the poor beast must have at least five minutes to convalesce. It is not strange, then, that after half an hour's looking down upon the caravan from successive shelves I turned a corner and saw it no more.



CHARCHANI (20,100 FEET), AS SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE MISTI (19,300 FEET).

I was now on the extreme north of the cone, almost overhanging the tortuous gorge of the Rio Chile. Its cañon and laterals, the brown wrinkles of the scooped plateau, spread far to the right in a gigantic relief map—too deep below to look really a landscape. And on the left, the imminent cone seemed fairly stooping to elbow the trespasser from the path. Around the next lava-flow angle is the grewsome spot where poor Ryder died an inch at a time. Here is the dorsal column of the Misti, outlined by a "devil's slide" in lava, and so erect that one half fancies one could leap from the trail into the river, two and a quarter perpendicular miles below. In 1876 a young English globe-trotter, reaching Arequipa on his way around the world, fell in with Stephen Ryder, a young man in business in the city, and together they attempted to climb the Misti. They succeeded only in scoring the ghastliest of its many tragedies. Starting from the Pass of the Bones in the morning, they reached the shoulder of the peak without mishap. But thence onward was such a chapter as can never be written. Throttled by *sorojchi* till their strength failed, they gasped and stumbled daylong up the sliding scoriæ. Night befell them here, and staggering a little too far to the right, the student fell out into space. Ryder heard the parting screech, and like a brave fellow clambered down that way to see if he might aid his companion. He groped to the brink, and reaching farther, touched only silence. On the verge of this nothing he lay down, and perhaps slept. At all events, the raw dawn showed him his fate—below, an unfathomed gulf; behind, a twelve-foot bank of cinders, down which he had scrambled. He tried to clamber back upon it, but what with the sliding of the ash and his own exhaustion by altitude, he was utterly unable. He spent the shoes from his feet, the last flesh from his finger bones, in trying to claw to the top of that narrow barrier. And so, in fulness of time, he died as ill as one can—too lost even to end it all by one step forward. When many days did not bring back the climbers a search party came from Arequipa. They found Ryder newly dead, and so branded with horrors that the shivering for it is not yet done. Of the Englishman not a spatter was ever collected.

SIGNAL STATION ON SUMMIT OF THE MISTI.

From this point the trail zigzags up the only smooth adit to the apex, all the rest of the circumference being jagged with lava rims. The last pitch is the most severe; but visions of the iron cross and little box hut far overhead alleviate it with promise that the end is there. At 8.50 A.M., a little less than four hours from the 16,000-foot hut, and about five miles by the trail, I sat down upon the highest point of the Misti and ate a well-earned lunch. Various other faculties are useful in mountaineering, but an unconditional stomach is the first requisite. Generally, however, this member is first to weaken at these altitudes.

Pending the arrival of the camera, which reached the summit at eleven o'clock, there was room for a feast of eyes unprejudiced by photographic necessities. Mountain views have always enough of individual character; but this one is perhaps *sui generis*. Standing upon eternal snow, one looks down a little way to eternal fire, and from an altitude of 19,300* feet beholds the sea. I know no other spot whence human vision can bridge so vast a gap.

The summit of the Misti is a mere precarious husk; a discolored egg-shell 2800 feet in diameter, with a ragged rim scarce twenty feet thick at the edge; and at the bottom lie two craters. The elder crater includes the whole circumference; the newer has been thrown up within it. Their relations of position and size are very fairly represented by laying a "quarter" upon a silver dollar so that their edges shall coincide at one point. That point for the craters is on the southeast side, where the later upheaval of ash has quite overwhelmed the earlier lava crags. The old crater is wholly extinct—a ghastly rim of bristling cliffs, burnt out and sulphur-stained, peppered with gray scoriæ. It is some 500 feet deep. The later one has a diameter of 1500 feet, and is 569 feet deep from rim to bottom. From the station, which seems almost to overhang it, to the bottom is 830 feet perpendicular. These figures are from surveys made by Professor Bailey that same day, and are substantially accurate. Light curls of vapor were constantly rising in the new crater, but were scattered by peremptory winds as soon as they reached the rim. The Misti is an incessant but not a hard smoker, and its clouds are rarely visible from a distance except in very calm weather. January 4, 1894, there was unusual activity—probably greater than has ever before been scientifically observed. Strong masses of vapor kept rolling up to at least one thousand feet above the summit before the winds availed to disperse them. It is a curious feature of this patient peak. Since before the memory of even tribal man it has maintained its even temper, its vital fires unchanging through the æons, never quenched, never explosive.

But even the grim vortex of the craters cannot withhold the eye from wandering. There are resistless attractions on every hand. The very relief map of so huge a region—for the circle of vision here is over 200 miles in diameter—is in itself awesome and unearthly. The blue cimeter of the Pacific, a hundred miles away; the infinite wrinkles of the ash-sown lower pampas, worn with forgotten waters; the slumped mountains—all looks unfamiliar and unreal. At our very feet the mosaic of Arequipa shines white in its green setting, pinched in the desert vise. Thirty leagues to the east, across gray wastes knuckled with unconsidered peaks (whose foot-hills would overtop our Colorado giants).

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* This abused word is pure Aymará. The *j* has the sound of German *ch*; the *ch* its invariable Spanish value, as in church.

* The altitude fixed by a series of thorough barometric measurements by Professor Bailey. Professor Pickering got 19,200 by triangulation.

THE SUPPLY HUT (16,000 FEET) AND AN END OF PICHU-PICHU.

Ubinas is even now blackening the heavens with a mighty eruption. Yonder its huge salines gleam ghastly white, and here under our very noses are the snows of dwarfed Pichu-Pichu. Now it requires an effort, an elimination of the senses, to remember not that that is tall as the mightiest peak north of the equator, but that it is really much of a hill at all. There is no other dimension to which the eye is so inadequate as that of depth; and unfortunately the lens shares this disability of its prototype, and even exaggerates it.

But on the other hand are our peers. Just across the chasm of the Rio Chile—from here 12,000 feet deep—and apparently so near that one could put a bullet over,* Charchani's imperial head usurps the sky and crowds all other presences aside.

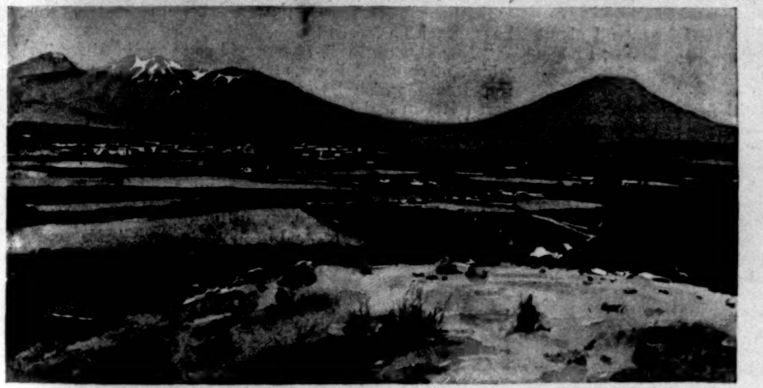
At 9.40, Professor Bailey and his nephew arrived on their fagged mules, and at once proceeded to take readings from the instruments in the little station. This highest building in the world contains anemometers, hygrometer, barograph, and thermograph, all automatic and self-registering. Professor Bailey has arranged them to run without care for ten days at a time; and thrice a month a detail from the Arequipa observatory ascends the great peak to take the readings and "wind up" the instruments. This onerous duty has been regularly kept up ever since the establishment of the station, except that twice in February tremendous snows stalled the scientists on the latter half of the cone. Since my visit, too, Professor Bailey has put up a larger and better frame building on the summit, and by degrees is opening the way to even more important scientific work. The Misti station is not only by several thousand feet the highest building on earth, but also the highest point ever reached by astronomers. It is by far the greatest elevation to which mules have ever been taken, and is probably in little danger of future eclipse in this direction. Their availability here is of signal importance, for it will render entirely feasible the transportation of considerable instruments to an altitude probably impossible anywhere else on the globe, and the erection of whatever buildings may be essential. The present instrument-house occupies the very pinnacle of the peak. In ten strides from it one could walk off the 500-foot cliff to the crater, or, toward Charchani, in a single step start on an uninterrupted roll to an altitude 12,000 feet less.

With this peerless lookout in the sky as an adjunct, the work of the Arequipa observatory will have the ear of the scientific world. In a broad sense, the South American department of the Harvard Observatory is destined to be, I believe, the most important modern step of astronomy. Atmospheric conditions are favorable to a degree wholly impossible in any part of Europe, and to be approached only in portions of our own arid Southwest; while the added aid of altitudes quite unknown in North America or on the Continent gives the observer a combination of facilities not dreamed of by earlier scientists. The meteorology of the lower air is already pretty well understood; but research has been hampered by the difficulty of getting reliable information as to the upper air. The Misti station will go far toward solving the problems. With it, too, the Harvard-Peruvian will be much the most comprehensive system of meteorological stations for study of the effects of great mountain ranges ever established. This line of stations is as follows:

	Altitude.
Mollendo (port)	50 feet.
La Joya (in the desert of Islay)	4,000 "
Arequipa	8,000 "
Misti	19,300 "
Cuzco	12,000 "
Santa Ana*	3,400 "

This will be a range from the desert coast at tide-water, through the unspeakable aridity of the pampa, over the highest altitude at which work is possible, on the bleak plateau of the Andes, down to the matchless humidity of the tropical forests.

The Misti station will also be of pre-eminent importance in spectroscopic work. It is conservative to say that here not only may be checked and verified the experiments which M. Janssen has so long and so creditably carried on, and is now to continue with brightened prospects on Mont Blanc, but that under conditions so much more favorable the work may be carried very much farther. The Misti exceeds Mont Blanc by nearly two and a half times as much as the latter exceeds Pike's Peak; and the air multiplies this startling advantage almost incalculably. The Swiss "Monarch of Mountains"—which would be at best only a Liliuokalani among the Andes—is congenitally cloudy, while the Peruvian peak is habitually cloudless. Professor Bailey is led to hope for success even in photographing the solar corona—a thing never yet accomplished except at times of total solar eclipse. For astronomic work the conditions are the most helpful ever yet found. No specification suffices to convey a notion of the clarity of such atmospheres to those who know only humid climes. As Professor Pickering reported during his incumbency at Arequipa:



AREQUIPA, CHARCHANI, AND THE MISTI.

"The transparency of the air is most remarkable, but the steadiness is such as to be almost beyond belief. In fact, this, the chief difficulty of the modern astronomer, is here practically entirely overcome. This we attribute in part to our altitude, but very largely to the excessive dryness of our climate. While in the United States, with our twelve-inch refracting telescope, magnifying powers of 200 to 400 could be employed, the latter under considerable difficulties and only occasionally, here powers of 800 and 1100 can be used nearly every night, and 2100 not infrequently, when the object is bright enough to bear it. In short, what we can see here depends not, as elsewhere, upon our atmosphere, but merely upon the size and quality of the telescope employed.

"Although our telescope is only thirteen inches aperture, yet it is the largest visual refractor south of the equator. It happens, by a curious coincidence, that many of the most interesting bodies in the whole sky cluster around the southern pole of the heavens, and are therefore never visible in the United States or Europe. These objects are all well seen from Arequipa. In fact, an area equal to one-quarter of the whole sky can never be studied to advantage at any northern observatory."

It is an ideal point for visual as well as photometric observations, and a telescope of the first magnitude planted here would give, it is fair to say, results thus far unparalleled. It is to be hoped that some wealthy enabler of science will do for this what Miss Bruce has done for the photographic branch. Even with the present limited instrument highly important work has been and will still be done.

Upon the arrival of the baggage-mules, at 11 A.M., we seized upon our respective instruments and put in a good day's work—Professor Bailey and his men in surveying and I with the camera. Perhaps this is the highest point at which full-fledged surveys and photographs have ever been made, and certainly on such a scale.

Having "done" the rim, I scrambled down the V-shaped gap which opens toward Arequipa, accompanied by my Indian "porter," who had only himself to carry, for it was rather too slippery climbing to trust the camera in alien hands. The hardest pull of the day was from the bottom of the gap to the brink of the new crater—a vast bowl of scoriæ of great steepness, which seems to have been formed by the same eruption which so heavily blanketed the whole cone with the same gray-brown ash. We explored the two craters thoroughly, making negatives from every point of vantage. The new crater cannot, of course, be entered; or rather, while entrance is quite facile, the explorer would not emerge. The bottom is a caldron of sulphur, steaming at every pore, and even on the rim, nearly 600 feet above, one must keep to windward of the fumes.

THE MISTI—THE BOTTOM OF THE NEW CRATER.

At 5.30 of the afternoon, sallying through a rift in the roasted rock rim of the elder crater, my serrano and I looked down upon the supply hut, and decided to make a bee-line to it down the cone. The descent of over 3000 feet in altitude occupied 23 minutes 10 seconds, our steps probably averaging six feet. It is not so dangerous a passage as it looks, under Damoclean crags of lava, and with now and then a stone pursuer, for the scoriæ afford not only a footing but a brake. The angle of the cone is 33° to 34°, which means that but for the lava so liberally scattered through and under it the ash could not stand. When we reached the supply hut the shadow of the Misti was wedging far across the pampas of Ubinas, and a wonderful squadron of snow-clouds came raiding up from the southwest and stormed Pichu-Pichu, and swept the pass between us, but to the great dark bulk above us no wisp of vapor ventured near.

At 6 P.M. young Waterbury, ordinarily the best mountaineer connected with the observatory, reached the hut on a disheartened mule. The boy was very sick with *sorojchi*, and passed an ill night, but was all right as soon as we reached lower levels next day. Professor Bailey staid on the summit to harvest the last moment of working light, and got in after dark, coming down the cone by the route I had taken. He was suffering from his efforts, but alive and buoyant with the scientific enthusiasm which has supported him to the completion of an achievement which in all probability he will not live to see surpassed.

We slept again at the 16,000-foot hut, and in the morning descended afoot to the Tambo de los Huesos, near the head of the pass. Here we were presently rejoined by the serranos and mules, and taking the upper trail over the shoulder of the peak, trudged down the gorges to Arequipa.

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* The actual distance from peak to peak may be as little as twenty miles.

* In the Urumbamba Valley, east of the eastern Andes, and in the drainage of the Amazon.

THE MISTI AND THE AREQUIPA OBSERVATORY.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XXV.—(*Continued.*)

TWO WOMEN.

HE found her hotel—it was in the Rue de Rivoli. A waiter took up his name, and forthwith brought back word that mademoiselle would see him. His heart was throbbing curiously as he mounted the stairs and stood outside the door. The quick, irregular clack, clack of a type-writer responded like an echo. He was ushered into a large, plainly furnished sitting-room. His first vision was of a tall comely lady in a grayish gown, writing at a table opposite the door; but this was effaced by the slimmer figure of a younger lady approaching from the right, with a smile of welcome and an extended hand. A moment later her smile had faded, and her hand was on her heart, soothing its flutter. He was shaken to his depths; behind all the bodily changes he saw the little girl friend of his childhood; and, indeed, the purity of her limpid truthful gaze was undimmed.

"Ruth!" he cried, in alarm, moving forwards as if to sustain her.

She drew herself up rigid and frozen; then her face relaxed, suffused by a wan smile and a returning flood of carmine. She held out her hand with a nervous laugh.

"How are you, Mr. Strang? I thought it was Billy, and that startled me."

As he took the little hand and looked into her face, maturer than its years, though it had not lost its olden charm, especially in the complexion, which was marvellously pure and soft, registering every slightest change of thought and feeling in dainty flickers of rose across its delicate fairness, his soul was invaded by a rush of tender memories, incongruously jostling in his brain—the thrills and raptures of boyhood, the joys of coasting down the slopes, and snaring rabbits and shooting partridges; the glow of skating; the delicious taste of the home-made cakes; the songs and hymns of childhood; the firelight casting shadows on the dusky walls, while his mother read the Bible; the drone of the fusty-coated preacher in the little wooden meeting-house; the thwacking of the dancers' feet in the barn; the odors of hay and the lowing of cattle; the smell of the wild flowers in the woods; the cry of the whippoorwill in the forest at twilight; the buzz of fresh young voices in McTavit's schoolroom. All these came back—dear and desirable, steeped in tears, softened by distance to a pensive beauty, like brawling choruses heard from afar across still water, inextricably interwoven with all the pieties of childhood, the simple sense of God and truth, and honor and righteousness.

He stood holding her hand, oblivious of the present, in a whirling chaos of ancient images that melted his soul to childish tenderness, and brought back to it the child's clear, unquestioning perception of spiritual ideas that had grown shadowy in the atmosphere of salons and studios and fashionable churches, that stereoscopic vision of the saint and the child which sees the spiritual solid. But Ruth disengaged her fingers at last, blushing under the kindly smile of the comely lady.

"This is Mr. Matthew Strang, Linda," she said. "Mr. Strang, let me introduce you to Mrs. Verder."

He bowed. "Oh, I have heard of Linda Verder," he said, smiling.

"And I have heard more of Matthew Strang," she replied, beamingly.

"That is scarcely possible," he murmured.

She laughed with a birdlike thrill. "Oh, I wasn't alluding merely to your public career, though our sweet Ruth has gotten a whole album full of newspaper cuttings about that. But it is of you yourself and your childhood I have heard so much. So you see I *have* the advantage of you. But you will excuse me, I know; I have to go out. You needn't bother about those letters, dear." And with an affectionate nod to Ruth and a beneficent smile to Matthew, she left the room. He was reddening; he was beginning to feel uncomfortable under the insinuations of Mrs. Verder's smiles; to hear that the forgotten Ruth had been following his career all those years gave him an odd pathetic shiver. She and Billy—and Heaven knew what others—were sunning themselves in the mere reflected rays of that fame which had left him cold. She stood away from him, shy and equally embarrassed, the blood ebbing and flowing in the pure soft cheek.

"Won't you sit down?" she said at last.

"Oh, thank you!" he replied, and took a distant chair.

She sat down behind the type-writer, facing him. There was a silence. She was the first to break it.

"I was so sorry to read you were ill."

"Oh, it was nothing," he murmured.

"I am so pleased we hadn't left—we are sailing next Tuesday. It is so good of you to come and see me, with the many claims that you must have on your time."

"It is a pleasure to be reminded of old times. I was sorry I missed you the time you called at my house," he said, awkwardly.

"I was very sorry too."

"But you know I work at my studio," he explained, trying not to flush. "There is no room at home."

"Yes, I know. But I didn't care to call there and interrupt your work. Billy showed me the little room where you used to work in the olden days. I thought it real nice of you to turn it into a study for him, and to take care of him as you are doing. He sent me a story of his. No, it wasn't very good, poor fellow," she added, seeing the question in his face. "Rather too full of passionate love-making."

"Not published?"

"No—in manuscript. I returned it to him type-written. He was enraptured. He said it was like seeing himself in print."

"Ah! we are not so used to the type-writer as you Americans."

"It is coming in fast, though; even into your slow, old country, if you consider it yours," she added, slyly. "I am delighted to see how many offices the new-fangled machine has crept into; in two years it will be in every business office."

"Why delighted? Have you or Mrs. Verder shares in the patent?"

"No, no," she said, gently. "Don't you see it is a new occupation for women?"

He smiled. "Ah, I remember. That's your hobby."

"Oh, not hobby, Mr. Strang, not hobby. It is my life-work. But I can't expect you to sympathize with these sordid, practical things. Your life is devoted to the gospel of the beautiful."

"Oh, but I do sympathize," he cried, remorsefully. "I think it is very fine of you."

She shook her head with a sad smile.

"You don't. You can't. You are outside the circle of the material worries of the poor, or, what is worse, the genteel. And nobody but a woman can know the prosaic pettiness of the life-struggle for single girls—the stifled aspirations, the abortive longings, the tears in the night. Christ would have understood. But He was not a man."

He saw the blur of emotion veil her eyes ere she turned her head hastily away. He felt his own sight growing dim; an understratum of his consciousness admired the flow of her language, and divined platform experiences. He had never before thought of her as clever.

She recovered herself in a moment, and resumed, playfully:

"Now, if you were a black-and-white artist you would have sketched Mrs. Verder with corkscrew ringlets and crying for trousers. We do want the Franchise and the right to dress as we please, but these are only incidental aspects of the movement for the independence of women, though they lend themselves most readily to caricature. The woman of the future is simply the working-woman. All we really want is to make girls economically independent of marriage; able to choose their mates from love instead of selling themselves for a home."

He could not meet her frank eyes; he was suddenly reminded of his own marriage. What would this stainless soul think of him if she knew he had sold himself, or, worse, if she knew why he had come to her this afternoon? He murmured, surveying the carpet, that he knew life was hard for girls, but that he hoped she at least had not been unhappy.

"I? Oh! I've been as happy as the next girl, though I've had my trials," she said, cheerily, between smiles and tears. "But I am grateful to God for them, else I should never have learnt to sympathize as I do, and I should not have served the Master. My life might have been wasted in mere happiness."

Mere happiness! The phrase went through him like a sword.

"But *you* had no need to work for a living?" he said, dubiously.

"Indeed I had! I had nothing."

"You had a father."

"Of a kind. But I quarrelled with him. You heard that, of course."

He had heard of it, of course, but her affairs had made trivial dints upon his consciousness.

"Why did you quarrel with him?" he asked.

Her face became a crimson mask. She lowered her head.

"Oh—I beg your pardon," he stammered, in distress. "Of course I had no right to ask."

She was silent, her fingers nervously picking out letters on the type-writer. Then her eyes met his squarely again.

"No; in a way you have a right to ask," she said, jerkily. "I don't see why I shouldn't tell you—it's so long ago. You know I became the deacon's bookkeeper."

He nodded, wondering.

"He made me keep all his accounts. I learnt all about his affairs. Well, one day, looking over the books, I made a discovery."

"Yes?"

She hesitated. Her face was still fiery. The image of the mumbling, quid-chewing deacon, with the roundabout methods of arriving at his point, rose vivid to his memory. He remembered his childish strain to understand "ole Hey's" good advice. Pop! Pop! Pop! It was like the clack, clack, clack of the type-writer under Ruth's nervous, unconscious fingers. But what was this she was saying to the accompaniment of the erratic automatic music?

"I discovered that he was cheating you, or rather your sister and Abner Preep; that he had always bamboozled your father; that the mortgage was more than paid off long before." She paused, then hastened on with a lighter tone. "So, of course, being a foolish, hot-headed girl, I wouldn't stay any longer in his house unless he repaid you, and equally of course he refused, knowing I wouldn't make a scandal, and so I went off to the only relative I had in the world—my mother's sister, in Portland, Maine. She was too poor to give me more than food and shelter. But my knowledge of bookkeeping soon got me a place in a store. And ever since I have earned my own bread, Heaven be thanked!"

She was not looking at him now; her fingers were still lightly tapping the letters into combinations that spelt only embarrassment. "Perhaps I oughtn't to have told you—but you won't take action now, will you?"

"No, seeing that the money has been paid!" he cried, hoarsely, with a sudden intuition. He sprang up agitatedly. "You sent us all that money anonymously—from Maine."

Her head drooped lower 'Oh, I felt I oughtn't to have said anything," she cried, in vexation.

"But you did, didn't you?'

"It was such a trifle, anyhow," she said, deprecatingly.

"It was a fortune then—five hundred dollars!"

"I could do no less. There was no other call for the money I earned in those first few years, while my aunt still lived. And I thought that perhaps——" He came towards her. "That perhaps——that perhaps it might help you in your career—my aunt corresponded with my poor mother's friends in Cobequid Village—I knew how you were slaving and sending money to your folks."

"God bless you, Ruth!"

"I hope it was a help to you, Matt." He thrilled under the name, spoken for the first time. "I have often liked to think it was—that I had a wee finger in the making of a great artist."

Her words cut him to the heart. How could he tell her that her money had come too late? He was about to murmur something, but she stopped him.

"No, don't answer me, for fear you should dispel my illusion. It has been such a joy to me when I read about your rapid rise; what inaccurate things they do put sometimes, by-the-way; isn't it amusing? Why, Linda doesn't even know you're married, and I never took the trouble to tell her; it has been a joy to me to say to myself, 'Ah, perhaps *we* know something.' But half the joy was in the secrecy; now you have found me out, don't take away the relics of my pleasure."

"But why should you bother to read things about me?" he murmured, only half sincerely, for another and more agitating suspicion was fast germinating in his breast.

She flashed a quick glance up at him as he stood over her, then looked down again indifferently. "Oh, why should I not be proud of knowing, if only in boyhood, the one great man our township ever produced?"

But he had now been trained in woman's looks. Rosina and Eleanor had taught him much, and the thought that was borne in upon him now—the conviction that Ruth too loved him, that she had always cherished her childish affection, though his had been swamped by his craving for art, was not the complacent conviction of a coxcomb. It was a chilling agony. It pierced his breast like a jagged icicle. He had an appalling sense as of responsibility for a ruined life. The image of "Aunt Clara" flashed suddenly before him—careworn, faded, broken-down, unlovely. Was that to be the end of Ruth—the sweet playmate, the great soul?

"And you, too, have done something in life," he said, as if to reassure himself, trying to curve his trembling lips to a smile.

She looked up frankly at him. "In so far as I have been able to help Linda to help other girls."

"And do you meditate—helping Linda all your life?"

"With God's help."

"Even"—he essayed to smile again—"even if you marry?"

"Oh, but I won't marry," she said, quickly, and kept her face bravely raised to his, though the telltale rose was coming and going on her transparent skin.

"Not even"—his smile was a ghastly caricature—"to spite the caricaturists?"

She smiled a faint response. "Not even for that. Has not Linda sacrificed herself on that altar? It's true she's a widow, but still—"

He could not help asking the question, "But why won't you marry?"

"Because I don't want to. Is that a woman's reason?" And she smiled again.

"Ruth!" he cried, frenziedly, in a strange mixture of emotions. "I am not worthy to kneel to you!"

She opened her eyes, wondering. "Because I prefer celibacy? Because my life is happy enough as it is; because, thanks to Mrs. Verder, it is sufficiently filled with activity and movement?"

"Oh, if it is, if it is!" he cried, almost hysterically.

"Certainly it is. You men are all so mistaken about women. Marriage may be a necessity for some women, but not for all—oh, thank God! Not for all. It may be harder for Linda, who has known a husband's love—but for me? Oh, I am perfectly happy." She rose and moved away from him, and began to walk restlessly up and down, talking rapidly. "It is perfectly absurd, this making marriage and happiness synonymes. Novels end with marriage, and that is called a happy ending. Good heavens! It is quite as often an unhappy beginning! If you had seen the things I have seen, heard the tales women have told me! Even the women you would imagine the most enviable are full of worries. Why, look at your own wife, Mr. Strang, who has everything to make her happy. She seemed awfully poorly the day I saw her: I hope you left her strong and well."

He turned his face away. "Did *she* tell you tales of woe?" he said, with a forced laugh.

"No; how could she? She said you were goodness itself, which, of course, I knew, and she seemed so proud of your importance, which I was glad to see. I had always wondered if you had found a woman to appreciate you. But for all that I had the impression that marriage, even with love superadded, isn't wholly a bed of roses. I gathered there were all sorts of domestic anxieties—children falling ill, and servants turning dishonest, and all that. She told me that you wished her to move to a better neighborhood, and she was afraid to put you to expense. What a good woman she must be! And quite pretty, too."

"Do you think so?" he muttered. His face was still averted.

"Yes, and I seem to remember her in your earliest pictures. She's the woman in 'Motherhood,' isn't she?"

"I think she sat for the figure," he said, hesitatingly. "I couldn't afford models then. I wish you weren't going so soon. I should so like to do a sketch of you—something to remember you by."

She shook her head. "We have so much to do this week, I shouldn't have time."

"I am sorry. Perhaps we shall never meet again," he said, in low tones. "I never even had a photograph of you—I could do a sketch from that."

"I don't think I have any." She rummaged in a desk, turning out heaps of papers. He was at her side. He saw the backs of two photographs and picked them up. One was a portrait of Linda Verder, the other of himself.

"Both public celebrities," she said, with a little confused laugh. "I've never attained to the shop windows, so, naturally, I am scarcer " She continued her search, and at last turned up something. "Ah, there's an old one—or rather a young one. Me at sixteen! Goodness, to think I've still got that!"

His flaccid nerves sent fresh moisture to his eyes as he gazed at the simple picture of the sweet, delicate, girlish face, with large eyes luminous with dreams, looking out shyly upon life in a sort of wistful wonder and expectation, unconscious, unprophetic of the blank years when eyes grow dim with sudden, unsought tears.

His voice was broken as he said: "Thank you. This is the picture I would most have wished to have. Henceforward I shall think of you, earnest, truthful, aspiring.... as you have thought of me all these years. And now I suppose I must not keep you any longer from your duties."

"Oh, they are nothing. It is your time that is precious, I know. I am rejoiced to have had this glimpse of you in your fame and happiness. I shall always remember this afternoon. Good-by, Mr. Strang." She held out her hand.

He put his, with the portrait, behind his back. "No, I won't," he said, petulantly. "Not if you call me that."

She dropped her hand with a sad smile.

"You see I belong to the rejected, Matt."

He quivered as at a thrust.

"No; you are of the elect, of the saints of this earth."

Her smile took on the wistfulness of her early portrait. They stood looking at each other in a tender embarrassment.

"Oh, by-the-way, Matt, you will not mind my speaking of her . . . . she belongs to me a little as well as to you, you know . . . . I went to see your poor mother before I left for Europe."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

He shuddered involuntarily.

"Did she recognize you?" he said, in a half-whisper.

She shook her head. Her face was drawn with the pain of the memory. "But she is quite gentle, except when she quotes texts. They gave her simple house-work to do—it provides a vent for her activity . . . . marriages are not always happy, you see." A wan smile flitted across her features. "I shall go to see her again. Poor creature! I forgot her when I called you happy. The thought of her must sadden you."

He would not trust his voice to reply. He transferred the photograph to his left hand, and held out the right in silence. She put her hand into his.

"Good-by, Matt; perhaps forever."

He struggled to speak.

"Good-by, Ruth." He bent nearer. "May I not kiss you . . . . for auld lang syne?"

She withdrew her hand. Her voice was tremulous and low. "We are not playmates now, Matt."

He held up the photograph.

"Then I will kiss the girl I used to know."

He pressed his lips reverentially to it.

She smiled sadly.

"Good-by again, dear Matt. God bless you!"

He hurried from the room, overwhelmed with emotion. The door closed upon him, and he leaned against it for a moment to recover himself.

Clack! clack! clack! clack! clack!

It was the steady businesslike clatter of determined work. She had taken up the burden of duty again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HILL.

HE represents two principles. The first
Is, in plain terms, a principle accursed,
Through lack of it—'tis, briefly, "pelf";
The second that he represents is "self."

His motto's not "I am a Democrat,"
As he proclaims; the blind can't help see that.
'Tis briefer far than this—brief as can be—
One little tiny word which fits him: "ME!"

J. K. B.

THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

HE is, take him all in all, a sympathetic personage. Not a genius teeming with brilliancy, and overawing the inferior balance of mankind; not the "potentiated being" of the Bismarckian stamp; maybe, not even a statesman of the first order. But his intellect is clear, searching, penetrating; his character is set forth by a remarkable will-power and independence of judgment; and his mental training is not directed toward reaction. This is, in very short outlines, the sketch of Chlodwig Carl Victor, Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst, as it has been delivered to the present generation from the political activity of his former years; for Prince Hohenlohe has not taken part in active politics since 1885, when he was appointed Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, the newly acquired—or rather reconquered—"Reichsland" of Germany. He is strong-willed; but so is the Emperor, who, as everybody knows, wants to be his own Chancellor; and the chances are that Prince Hohenlohe will disagree with the Emperor as to the proposed severe measures for the suppression of the so-called revolutionary movement in Germany, and that a break will occur right then and there. At any rate, this question will compel him to "show his hand." And only then the Germans will know what kind of a Chancellor they have.

Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst was born March 31, 1819. After studying law and political science he entered into the government service; in 1846 he became possessor of the vast estate, "Schillingsfuerst," in Bavaria. Having been appointed a hereditary member of the Bavarian First Chamber, he pursued a decidedly anti-Austrian and Prussophile policy, vigorously pleading for the alliance of all southern states with Prussia. His aim and ideal were the same "Greater Germany" which was the great task of Bismarck's life; and Hohenlohe was subsequently always foremost in supporting the Iron Chancellor's grand national policy. On the last day of 1866 he was appointed Bavarian Minister of Foreign Affairs; shortly afterward his constituency in Forchheim elected him into the Customs Parliament, where he filled the functions of a vice-president for three subsequent sessions. In both capacities he was an energetic, straightforward supporter of the "United Germany" movement, and likewise an energetic opponent of the clerical influence in German politics. His friendliness towards Prussia, and still more his antagonism against Rome—he started a movement against the Jesuits, and went as far as advocating an alliance of all European states against the threatening attacks of the Vatican Council—brought about the bitter hostility of the clericals and Bavarian "patriots" against him. At the elections of 1869 the ultramontanes were victorious, and Hohenlohe found himself compelled to resign his portfolio. In his capacity as a member of the Bavarian "Reichsrath" (First Chamber) he voted, in 1870, for the *casus belli* against France, and December 30th, same year, for Bavaria's entering into the German Empire as a federal state. His old district, Forchheim, sent him into the new German Reichstag, where he joined the liberal "Reichspartei." Until 1877 he was first vice-president of the Reichstag.

After the downfall of Count Harry Arnim, Prince Hohenlohe became Ambassador in Paris, where he made quite a favorable record by his skilful, conciliatory conduct. In 1885 he was appointed Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, where an extremely arduous task awaited him. These provinces, severed from France in 1871 and reunited to Germany, were still smarting under the pangs of the separation, and the German functionaries detailed to the "Reichsland" were looked upon anything but amiably by the populace, which persisted in scheming plots against the German "usurpers." Hohenlohe's predecessor, Field-Marshal Manteuffel, was unequal to his task of pacifying these new provinces; under his governorship the German influence certainly did not increase in Alsace-Lorraine. Prince Hohenlohe proved more successful. Applying both severity and suavity, each element in its proper place, suppressing plots of violence in the bud, and, on the other hand, avoiding to arouse national sensibilities, strengthening the administration by concentrating it in his strong hand, and surrounding himself with able assistants, he had the satisfaction of seeing the spirit of "protest" gradually vanishing as the years rolled by. His success was marked very distinctly at the Reichstag elections of 1890, when the "Protestler" only polled 100,000 votes, against 247,000 in 1887; in 1893 this number was still more reduced. In 1890 Alsace-Lorraine sent four anti-Protestlers into the Reichstag, and in 1893 five, amongst them Prince Alexander von Hohenlohe, a son of the Governor, who greatly enjoyed this mark of appreciative sympathy.

Now Prince Hohenlohe has been called to a still higher post, where not only the animosity of wounded patriotism in two provinces, but the conflicting and confusing claims of nearly a dozen parties of a great empire, are to be overcome. Still worse, he has to overcome certain extremely unpleasant characteristics of the young and inconsistent Emperor, who is too readily open to all sorts of incalculable influences.

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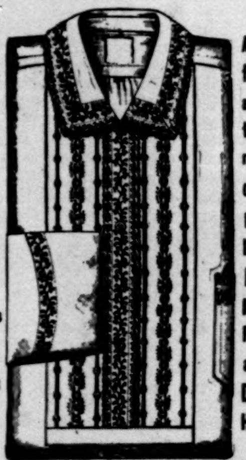

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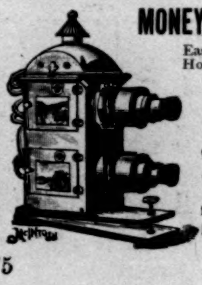

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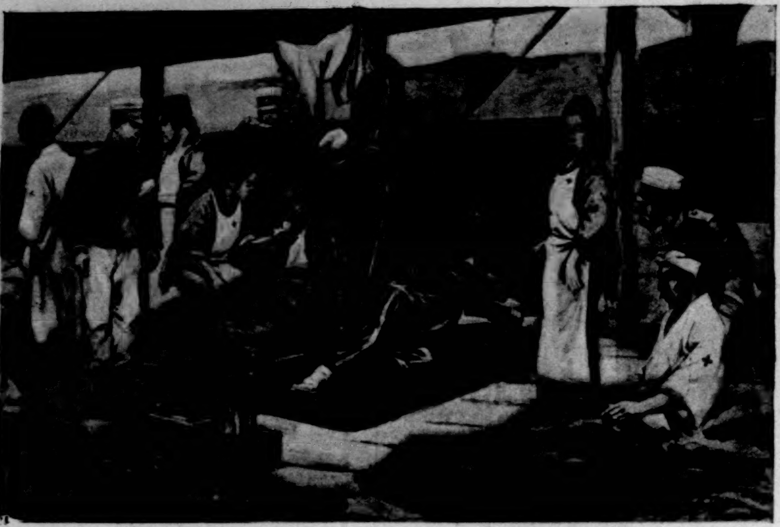


INTERIOR OF HOSPITAL AT FUSAN.

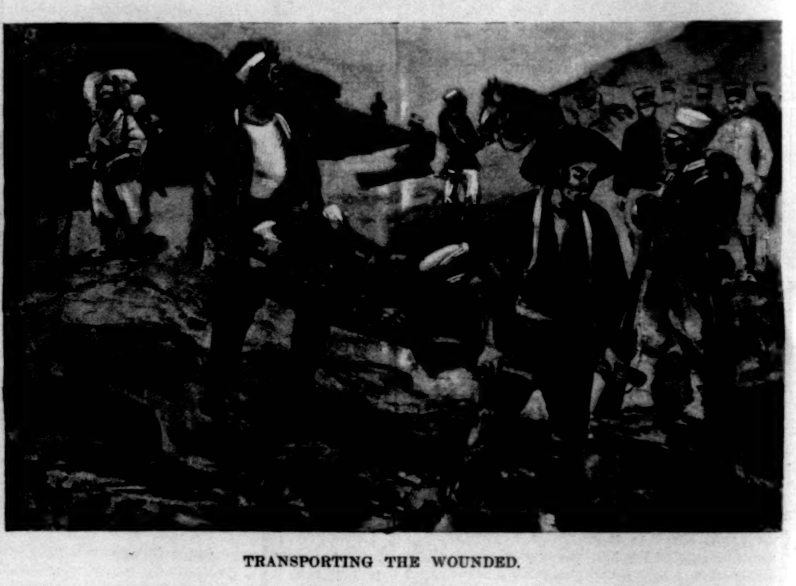
WAR NOTES IN JAPAN AND CHINA.

Special Correspondence from the East.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

ALL the Europeans that I met in Japan declared that they knew less about the war with China than if they were in some country not concerned with the conflict. The most intelligent and reliable news, they said, came to them in the New York and San Francisco newspapers. For several reasons the Japanese government permits the publication of only such news of the war as is favorable to the Japanese side, and a natural result of that course is that no one places any trust in the brief despatches that see the light. Here, in Shanghai, the situation is much the same. The newspapers receive only such despatches as have been approved by the Chinese authorities, but it is a fact that the Chinese are more liberal—or more careless—than their enemies, so that the newspapers here often publish despatches which, when read between the lines, convey news of disaster to the Chinese forces. I refer solely to the European newspapers in each country, and, by-the-way, it seems to me that the Yokohama press distinctly favors the Chinese cause, while the Shanghai papers are pro-Japanese. The Europeans here in Shanghai understand the situation well enough to know that defeat in war will do more to open up China than a hundred years of peaceful trading, and this knowledge is reflected in the English newspapers. In both countries the mere news of the despatches from the seat of war is not considered of any value except as it is construed by those who read it. For instance, when I was in Nagasaki, Japan, we got news of the battle before Ping Yang. The despatch declared that the Japanese lost 36 men and killed 20,000 Chinese, besides capturing three Chinese war-ships. When the people read this they said, "Of course the details are absurd, but it really looks as if there had been a big battle, and as if the Japanese had come off victorious." When I reached Shanghai, a five-hundred-word despatch about that battle had reached the English papers. This despatch admitted the downfall of Ping Yang, and gave a very clouded account of the naval engagement, in which it was said that the Chinese admiral was killed. The Europeans here at once stood that despatch on its head and turned it over on first one side and then the other in order to see clearly all that it did not tell. They concluded that the Chinese defeat must have been very serious, else it would have been called a victory. They agreed that both sides had lost three ships, that what remained of the Chinese naval force had retreated and escaped, and that the splendid Chinese passenger-ships in use as transports had been captured by the Japanese. In such ways as that are the few and feeble sparks of the telegraph fanned into uncertain news in both China and Japan. You in America know far more of what goes on in Korea than is known to the people of these two countries, and yet even your news is heavily steeped in fiction, and must be so while the correspondents are warned away from the field of battle.

It is said in Japan that the officials insist upon secrecy because they are afraid of revolution. If they were sure they were going to whip China they would court publicity, because nothing can strengthen the government as much as success with this war. Failure in the war will carry the people over to the anti-European party in favor of revolution. Thus we see that the cause of progress in both countries is linked with the success of the Japanese arms. We see also how outrageously inconsistent with civilization and Christianity it will be for any great power to aid China. Another reason why the Japanese stifle all war news is that they do not want their people to hear of any terrific loss of life. This is Japan's first war. Her warriors used to battle hand to hand. Her people will not understand such tremendous losses of life as modern warfare entails. All through Japan the masses are being fed with lurid chromo prints showing scenes at the seat of war. In all these prints the Japanese are riding over the Chinese, or sinking their ships, or belching red flames into the Chinese ranks. The more intelligent men are everywhere seen to be devouring the queer tissue-paper journals, covered with hieroglyphs, which pass with them as newspapers. While I was there the cry of the government for horses was loud in the land. Even the dray horses and omnibus horses in Tokyo had been impressed into the service. At Kobé the railway was held by the government to be exclusively used for the transportation of troops to the ships that were to take them to Korea. Nearly all—a force of 150,000 men—had already gone, and the government was mainly using the railway for the carriage of the winter uniforms of the men. This great force combines the standing army with the first reserve force of 50,000 men, and is all that Japan expects to need for the march to Peking. In appearance and discipline the Japanese soldiery compares favorably with the armed force of any European country, not excepting Germany. All the uniforms are European, and all the arms and accoutrements are of the latest fashion. The clothes of the soldiers fit them almost as if each man had his private tailor to make his suit for him. The officers are in many cases positive dandies. Moreover, the marching and all that goes with discipline are nearly perfect. It is a fine sight to see a Japanese brigade or battalion marching through the country. A very impressive thing is to hear them singing the new war-songs that their composers have written. The music of these songs is sometimes classical Japanese, but it has been arranged in European measure for the military bands. You will sometimes see a regiment learning the words of a thrilling new song while marching through a quiet bit of pastoral country. Each sergeant carries a little book, and reads out a verse in loud tones. Then the men sing the words, the performance being so ordered that all the regiment sing together.



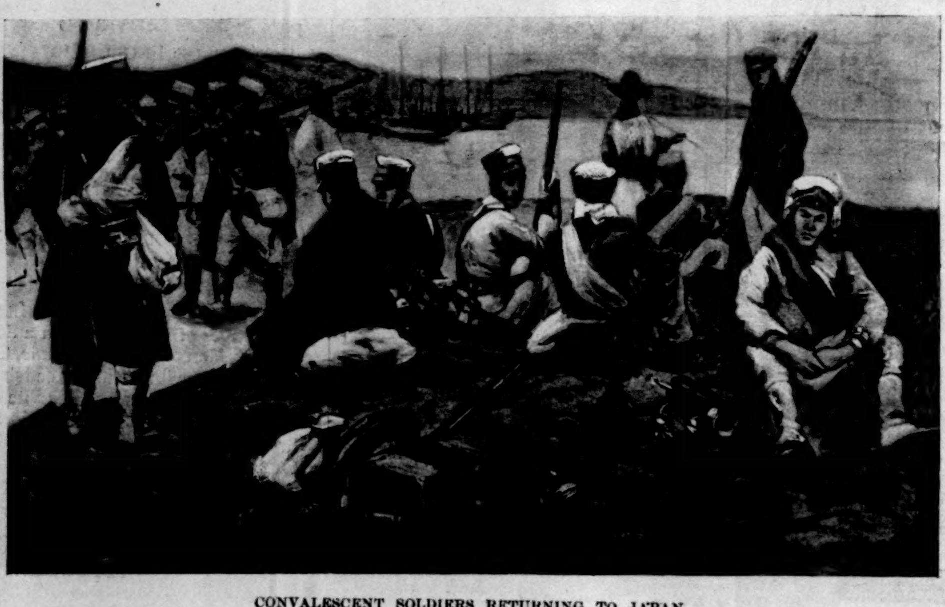
TRANSPORTING THE WOUNDED.

Unhappily for China, it cannot be said that her army inspires either admiration or respect. The mandarins are such corrupt knaves that they have for years been keeping heavy lists of salaried soldiers on paper, having only a few actual men, while they drew and pocketed the salaries of the paper soldiers. Being ordered to produce their battalions, they have impressed a lot of coolies, put them into uniforms, and hurried them to the seat of war. I mean to say that this is the case where I have looked into it. Ragtag and bobtail forces of this kind have been shipped from Shanghai in large numbers. They wear Oriental uniforms, having turbans on their heads, and coats of one color heavily bordered with another color. They march like Coxey's army—all over the grass and the roads and the sidewalks, hallooing and jabbering and quarrelling as they go. They carry their muskets in any way that happens, which is to say in every way that can be imagined. Each one carries an oiled-paper umbrella, and puts it up when it rains. When the sun shines he slings his umbrella over his back. From the banners above their heads to the cumbrous shoes on their feet they are a tawdry, shabby, disorderly lot, a terror to whomsoever they pass on the roads, undisciplined, ignorant, ridiculous. To imagine them resisting a solid line of well-trained, well-armed soldiers is like imagining the sun to be a pumpkin.

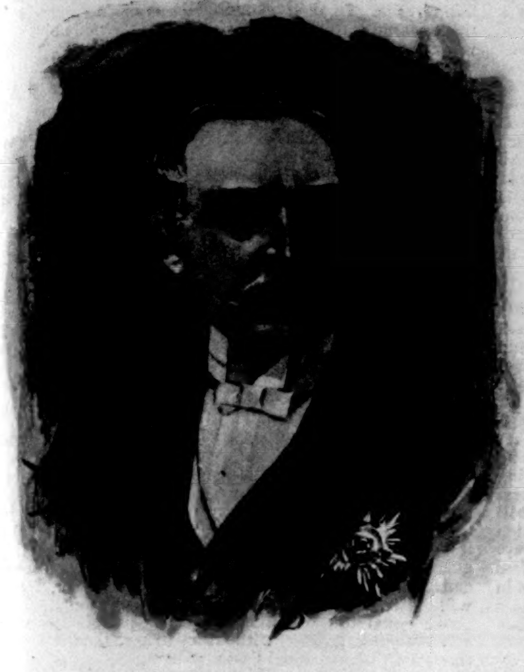
I cannot see that the masses here are much excited over the war. I pointed to a placard of a mineral-water company on a wall of the Astor House here in Shanghai, and asked a Chinese boy if it was not Japanese. By way of reply he walked up to the placard, tore it down, and threw it on the floor. I walked away, and in half an hour, when I returned, he had hung it on the wall again. In the European city of Shanghai a stationer displays a map of Korea, and I notice that there is always a crowd of coolies in front of it, studying it. In the old Chinese city of Shanghai I have seen a vender selling, or trying to sell, Chinese colored prints about the war. He stands in a sort of cage fronted by thick wooden bars, and a great crowd of coolies stands every day and all day pressed up against the bars studying the extravagant prints. "Hai-yah!" is the most that they say, and that is merely what they would exclaim at sight of a five-legged cat, or at seeing a wheelbarrow tip up and unload a passenger in the street. They do not seem to buy the prints, though they are offered at only twenty cash or two cents each, and they represent a fearful demolition of the Japanese. The WO-JIN (dwarf slaves), as the Emperor called the Japanese in his declaration of war, are seen to be wading ashore from their men-of-war under a fearful blast of red fire from the Chinese forts. The dwarfs are also pictured as down on their knees in serried ranks, imploring mercy from the Chinese warriors—and yet nobody cares to buy them. Your artist, Mr. Weldon, has been cautioned not to make sketches in the Chinese cities, lest he be taken for a spy, but up to this time he has sketched where and when he pleased, and the attitude of the crowds around him has been one of respectful interest. The rich merchants and the officials, who understand the situation, are reported to be very solicitous for the Chinese cause, and very downcast at this particular time.

There were fifteen hundred Japanese here at one time lately, pressing their way back to Japan. They fell under the protection of our American Consul-General, Mr. T. R. Jernigan, and he was forced to confront a very delicate and trying situation, which he mastered in a way that has brought him great credit here. He has despatched all but about seventy Japanese—who seem to be content to stay here—not to speak of two unfortunate young men who have fallen into the Chinese clutch. These young men belonged to a school of seventy or eighty students who were studying the language of this country, which is the parent and fountain-head of all that Japan has—her art, her elegance, her language—of everything except her sudden modernization.

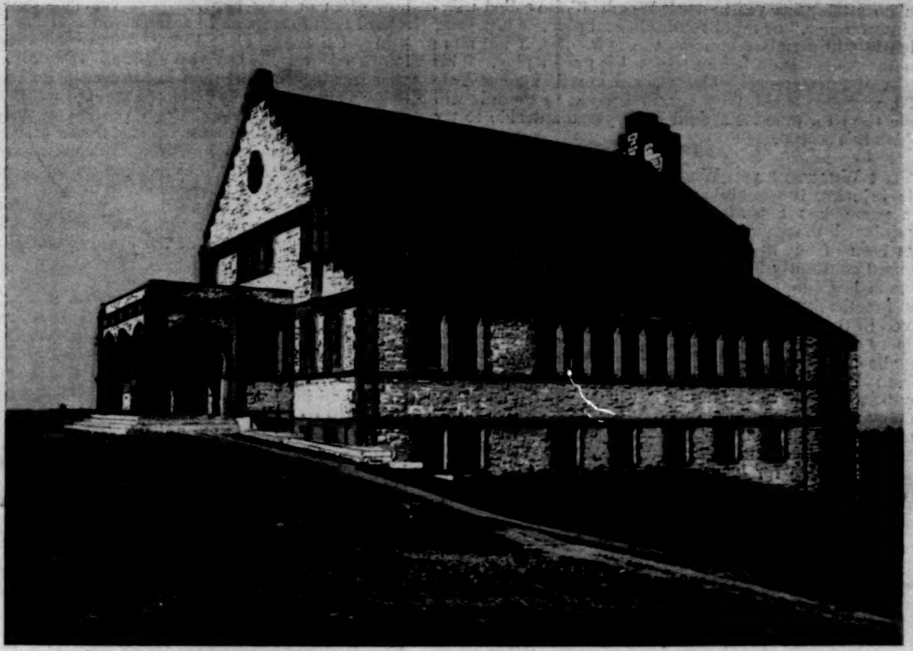
These two young men were arrested on the French concession—the French third of Shanghai—and since the French consul could only turn them over to the Chinese, they threw themselves under the protection of our flag. Mr. Jernigan warned them that they must abide by the decision of our home government, else he could not undertake their temporary protection. They said that they would be content with whatever fate was meted out to them at Washington. Upon their persons, or in their belongings, were found a map of Manchooria and some sketches of certain fortified places near here. As they were school-boys, seventeen or eighteen years of age, it was not believed by any except the Chinese that these things were of a serious character. Mr. Jernigan held them, and communicated with the acting minister at Peking, the younger Mr. Denby. He informed the Secretary of State of the affair, and in the course of two or three weeks Mr. Gresham cabled to Mr. Jernigan to "turn the Japanese over to the Chinese." The order startled every one here, and angered the Americans. The boys met their fate bravely. Mr. Jernigan adopted the shrewd course of keeping copies and records of all the effects of the lads, and obtained from the Taou Ti or Governor of Shanghai a promise that the lads should be kindly treated. They are now at Nankin. If they get back to Japan with their heads between their shoulders it will be almost a miracle. Had they been turned over to the Chinese at first they would have died in Shanghai. What they should have had would have been an investigation or inquiry which, when reported to the Chinese, would have made their conviction impossible if they were innocent.



CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS RETURNING TO JAPAN.



PRINCE VON HOHENLOHE,
The New Prime Minister of Germany.—[See Page 1075.]



THE NEW SPOONER LIBRARY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.
Dedicated October 10, 1894.—[See Page 1071.]

AMATEVR - SPORT

THE KANSAS, IOWA, MISSOURI, AND NEBRASKA football outlook is brighter than at the beginning of any previous season. During the past two the game has been rapidly spreading, until this autumn sees its establishment in most of the high-schools and academies, as well as in the larger colleges and universities. The importance of this introduction into the smaller schools cannot be overestimated. It means that in the near future the university elevens, instead of being recruited each year from green material, will be able to draw their candidates from those that have had previous experience. This will mean much in the advancement of the game, and promises a football atmosphere for this section.

The outlook is also brightened by the prospect of more skilful play than last year. The colleges, recognizing that the game had advanced about as far as Western talent could carry it, have in several instances, notably the University of Kansas, secured the best attainable Eastern university coaches. With the advent of the Eastern coach the play has been quickened and made more scientific, while training has become of much more serious intent.

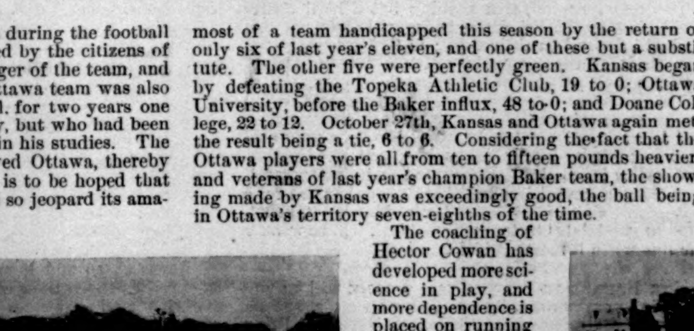
THE PRINCIPAL FOOTBALL ORGANIZATION in this section is, as it has been for the last three years, the Western Inter-collegiate Association, composed of the State universities of Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, and Missouri. I am pleased to note that this Association has absolutely prohibited the playing of coaches or other paid men this season; last year it was not so, and it is to be hoped that now the last vestige of professionalism has disappeared.

Outside of the Association the chief teams are maintained by Doane College, at Crete, Nebraska; Ottawa University, at Ottawa, Kansas; and Grinnell College, at Grinnell, Iowa. Both the Ottawa and Doane teams play their coaches, being bound by no league rules of any sort. The Ottawa team, in point of fact, should not be recognized as amateur; it is substantially the old Baker University team of last year. Early this autumn football was forbidden by a bigoted Board of Trustees at Baker University, and seven players of last year's champion team, who had returned to college, then left, and went to Ottawa University upon the promise, it is commonly said, of the payment of $350 in cash, and their expenses during the football season. This amount was largely raised by the citizens of Ottawa, one of whom was chosen manager of the team, and now acts in that capacity. The new Ottawa team was also strengthened by the addition of Hamill, for two years one of the best guards of Kansas University, but who had been required to leave on account of failure in his studies. The University of Kansas has already played Ottawa, thereby laying herself open to criticism, but it is to be hoped that none of the other Association teams will so jeopard its amateur standing.

KANSAS, NEBRASKA, AND IOWA UNIVERSITIES have also countenanced professionalism by not only playing Doane, which played a paid coach, but at least Kansas and Nebraska further violated the amateur spirit by playing their own coaches in these games. The game will not be free from professional taint until the best teams of this section refuse summarily to countenance professionalism in any game, league or otherwise. It is said in extenuation for Kansas that she had been defeated by Baker last year, and was taunted with being afraid to meet her old rival this year. But this is absurd. The Association must insist on its members living up to its rules, or abiding by the consequences.

GENERAL VIEW OF GOLF LINKS, COUNTRY CLUB, AT BROOKLINE (MASS.).
Looking from No. 7 Teeing-Ground.

The teams of the Western Inter-collegiate Association have started the season with varying successes, but all with determination and energy. Kansas has as coach Hector W. Cowan, the famous Princeton tackle, who is making the most of a team handicapped this season by the return of only six of last year's eleven, and one of these but a substitute. The other five were perfectly green. Kansas began by defeating the Topeka Athletic Club, 19 to 0; Ottawa University, before the Baker influx, 48 to 0; and Doane College, 22 to 12. October 27th, Kansas and Ottawa again met, the result being a tie, 6 to 6. Considering the fact that the Ottawa players were all from ten to fifteen pounds heavier, and veterans of last year's champion Baker team, the showing made by Kansas was exceedingly good, the ball being in Ottawa's territory seven-eighths of the time.



COUNTRY CLUB—SAND BUNKER.

The coaching of Hector Cowan has developed more science in play, and more dependence is placed on running round ends, and in tackling and interference, than in the line-banging game of former days.

THE MISSOURI eleven began the season with seven of last year's men, coached by Harry O. Robinson, Tuffts, '93, who acted in the same capacity last year. And it is also announced that a Harvard man has been secured to put on the finishing touches before the Thanksgiving game. Missouri now has a training table, and is doing more systematic practice than formerly. Two games have been played this autumn, the first with the Sedalia Athletic Association, resulting in a victory, 46 to 6, and the second with the Denver Athletic Club, on October 27th, resulting in defeat, 26 to 0. Last year Denver ran up nearly twice the score.

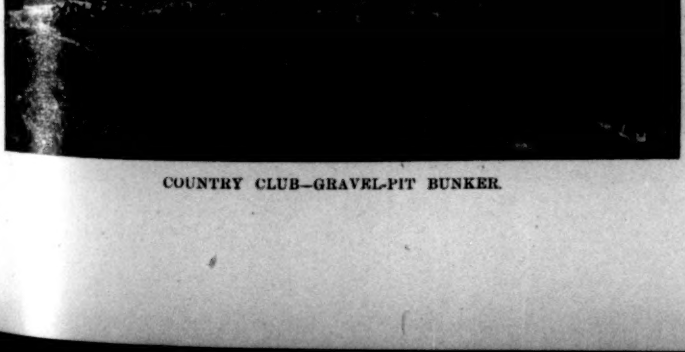
Iowa lost several old men this season of last year's team, only Littig, Allen, Ingersoll, Collins, returning. They have engaged Roger Sherman, of Michigan University, to do the coaching, and put the training in the hands of E. W. Moulton, who has filled the same position for the Michigan and Minnesota elevens. The team has won from Cornell and Knox colleges, and been defeated by Doane and the University of Chicago.

Nebraska entered the season without a coach, being financially crippled, but has since secured the services of Frank Crawford, Michigan, who coached her last year. She has five of last year's men back, not including Crawford, who played with her all last season, despite his having forfeited his amateur status by being a paid coach. Nebraska has thus far defeated Grinnell College, of Grinnell, Iowa, 22 to 0, but been defeated by Doane College, 12 to 0.

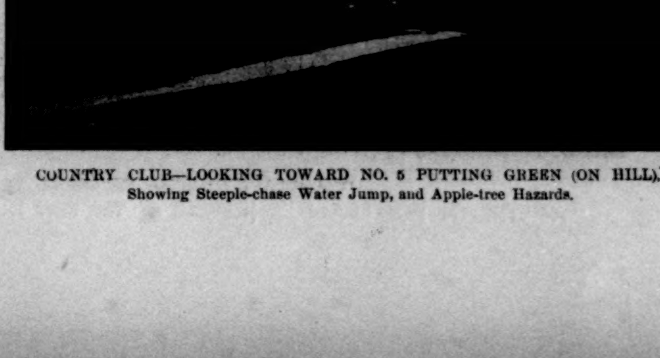
PENNSYLVANIA'S EXHIBITION OF FOOTBALL, offensive and defensive, in the Lehigh game, keyed up the expectancy of her supporters to a high point—too high, apparently, to be sustained, as the recent games with the University of Virginia, the Cadets, and Lafayette have demonstrated. The reason for the team's falling off is being most seriously discussed by the coaches and interested *alumni*, without, however, any marked unanimity of opinion. The members of the eleven, one and all, have practised faithfully, and are equally at a loss for a satisfactory reason. This much only is certain, that there is a general recognition of the fact that the play of late has been poor, and as a consequence there is a deep-seated determination to better it before the Princeton game. One contributing cause doubtless has been the shifting of the men in the line and back of it. Vacillation is weakness. Wharton's, Woodruff's, and Minds's places have been filled by substitutes in the games mentioned; Williams' coming in at quarter, Knipe's going to half, and Gelbert to end, have necessarily caused friction in the workings of the back field.

It may be seriously doubted whether this change in the backs is for the best, and the doubt deepens into a contra-conviction when it is remembered that it is made practically on the eve of the Princeton game. There is every reason to believe, however, that Wharton, Woodruff, and Minds will all be able to fill their positions in the line on November 10th; and, in my opinion, the strongest combination back of the line will be that adopted in the early season, viz., Knipe at quarter, with Gelbert, Brooke, and Osgood behind him. Thus made up, the team will be the same that faced Lehigh, in which game, as noted, they gave the greatest promise.

BACK OF THE LINE, AMONG THE VETERANS, and where we would naturally look for the best work, we find comparatively the worst, for, barring Knipe, the backs do not work



COUNTRY CLUB—GRAVEL-PIT BUNKER.



COUNTRY CLUB—LOOKING TOWARD NO. 5 PUTTING GREEN (ON HILL).
Showing Steeple-chase Water Jump, and Apple-tree Hazards.

together, nor interfere well for one another. There has been no attempt as yet to work Woodruff's so-called "flying interference," or rapid round-the-end play, of last year, which is still permissible under the new rules, if not more than three men start before the ball is put in play. This system of interference, which worked so well against Yale in '93, was developed, however, in a week, so there is still ample time for practice should Pennsylvania decide to try it again this season.

With Wharton and Woodruff needing time to rest their injuries, it would have been foolish to play them in a game last Saturday with State College, while to have played the game without the regular guards would have been of but little benefit to the team, as the guards are used constantly in the new style of interference Pennsylvania has adopted. To the fact that this new system was practically unknown to the substitute guards who played in the game with Lafayette, and also to the soft and slippery condition of the ground, preventing sure running, must be chiefly ascribed the low score of 4 points for Pennsylvania in the first half. In the second half, however, when they became somewhat familiar with the interference and the play was shifted to a dry end of the field, Pennsylvania found but little difficulty in scoring 22 additional. The defence, however, was not good, and Barclay repeatedly broke through the line for long gains whenever a "fake kick" play was signalled. It was to improve the defence that Pennsylvania's coaches at the outset determined to devote their chief energies. As yet they have accomplished little. It remains to be seen what they will do in the remaining week of private practice. At present the Pennsylvania rush-line is weak, and must be greatly strengthened to keep Princeton from going through it at will.

Pennsylvania's present condition is one of the strongest illustrations of the fallacy of a long preliminary season. Its eleven at this writing are in the most unsatisfactory shape of any of the four large university teams, and yet it spent six weeks in preliminary training, and began the season with brightest prospects. There is no getting round the fact that enough is as good as a feast—and too much football or any other work palls.

The story of the Princeton eleven's work thus far this season reads quite the reverse of Pennsylvania. With a rush line identically, save the single exception of centre, the same as that which showed such magnificent form against Yale last Thanksgiving day, a high grade of football was looked for in even the team's first games of the year. Looked for in vain, however, for in every one of the matches its work was, comparatively speaking, of an inferior order. Some improvement was noted in the Cornell game, but it was so slight as to be apparent only to the knowing observer.

It seemed remarkable that forwards who had shown what they could do should go off to such an extent, but the cause was not difficult to find. The men returned much over weight, which, combined with that certain amount of self-satisfaction pretty apt to be found in a team that has won the championship, put a listlessness in their play that made them a more or less easy mark for a snappy, aggressive eleven like Cornell, for instance. Their best game thus far was the second against Lehigh. In this the line showed considerable improvement; they made good openings, and on the other hand presented a solid front upon which Lehigh could make little impression. In the first half, although three substitutes were behind the line, the backs played very well, and got together in their work to good effect. In the second, however, with Barnard at full, the play was slower, owing largely to mixing the signals.

Poe's work was particularly notable, and oftentimes brilliant. His handling of the team was excellent and steady in its effect, while his quick, clever runs from Lehigh's kicks reminded one of his brother Johnny at his best. Lea also played a steady game. It was through him Cornell made its touch-down, and it evidently acted as a tonic, as, judging from his play in this game, it will take an exceptionally good man that gets through him again for a long gain. Princeton had six substitutes in this game, and Lehigh one, but the latter eleven seemed to lack much of that spirit which had characterized their play three weeks before, and enabled them to successfully withstand Princeton's rushes.

Princeton is worrying most just now over the position of full-back. Burt has been tried and tried again in hopes of his finally working into satisfactory shape, but at this writing without avail, and it looks as though it would not be nearly so strong there as last year, when Blake suddenly blossomed forth as the man for the place. Even yet Burt is being put through the pace daily, and some improvement is reported, though it is impossible to say now who will be put at full in the Pennsylvania game. The more recent development for the position are two Freshmen, Cochran and Barnard, and of these the former seems the more susceptible of the necessary improvement. Barnard is the only one who has been seen in a game, and his work against Lehigh was not of a sufficiently high order to give much hope of betterment over Burt. Cochran, as we go to press (November 2d, because of Election day falling on one of our regular printing days), seems to have the preference. He has made considerable advance during the days of rigorous drilling he has had behind closed gates at Princeton, and, in addition, he has had greater experience than Barnard, and has a superior knowledge of the game. He interferes well, runs well with the ball, hitting the line hard, is sure on the catch, and tackles sharply, but unfortunately he punts rather poorly. Princeton is indeed out of luck on the full-back question, for each candidate is strong where the other is weak, and the weakness in each case is just where he should be strong. Burt punts well, but cannot be relied on tackling, which in a full-back is most important, besides which he seems to be unreliable in a game. Cochran fills the bill in every particular save punting, likewise a vital weakness. Barnard really performs the best all-round of the lot, but has not the knowledge of the game of the others. What the week beginning November 5th will reveal is hard to say now, but if the past seven days are any index, we shall likely see Cochran at full in the game against University of Pennsylvania on November 10th.

The half-back situation is not so vexing, though the enforced retirement of Ward, which was believed but temporary, seems likely to last long enough to keep him out of the game on November 10th at least, if no longer; or even if he plays, he will not have had time to reach form. Morse is, of course, certain to be one of the two, and Barnett, unless Ward mends rapidly, will as likely be the other. Of Morse it can only be said that when in form there is probably none better on the field; he starts quickly, is a very fast runner, and is absolutely reckless as to how often or how hard he is driven into the line. He is a hard man to stop, and harder to hurt. Barnett, while not being of the same class, is a good serviceable back, who has improved over his last year's form. His chief failing last year was lack of direction in hitting the line, but he seems to have almost entirely corrected that failing, and has proved a very good ground-gainer in the games he has played. Still, he is not a high-class back, and will give way at once to Ward when the latter recovers sufficiently to resume play. Morse, too, has been somewhat laid up for repairs the past week with a cold that threatened to turn into the grip. His strength will be husbanded, for without him Princeton would be very much handicapped. McCormick, who gave such promise at the first of the season and did not fulfil it, has also been laid up.

The question of quarter-back has at length been definitely settled, and Poe will remain there for good or evil. For good I should say, as he is a hard, heady player, and far away the man of all Princeton's candidates best suited to fill so important a place. Morse was tried there long enough to show that he had no especial qualifications for the position. Although quicker in starting when at half-back, for which he is naturally adapted, he was no quicker in handling the ball than Poe, and not so effective in getting into the play. Moreover, he is inferior to Poe in giving signals and in running the game, which is decidedly a most important part of the quarter's work. Poe has the football head that is characteristic of the family of players of which he is a brilliant member, and he has shown it in his play. Besides which he tackles hard and sharp, and is a tireless worker. He has improved very greatly the last ten days in his passing, and while he will probably never be such a quarter as was King, and such a one will not be seen again for many a day, he will fill the place in such a manner that Princeton will not be at all events weak at quarter.

Princeton's greatest improvement, however, is in the line, which, since the Lehigh game particularly, has been rapidly settling down to good hard work. The forwards have finally thrown aside the idea that the mere reputation of last year will suffice for this season's chances, and have buckled down to football in earnest. As a result they have worked off much of the avoirdupois that tended to make some of them sluggish, and are working together for the first time this year. Still they are far from having reached that entire unity of action which is so essential to perfect team-work, but they are getting near enough to it to argue well for their showing against Pennsylvania. They are opening up opponents rapidly and effectively, tackling well, and getting into the plays.

Wheeler has just about reached his '93 form, and has been playing remarkable football; he is certainly far and away the best guard of the year, and indeed he is one of the best, if not the best, not even excepting the famous Heffelfinger, that any university eleven ever had. His breaking through is so fast and hard as to be wellnigh unstoppable, while his ground-gaining is almost certain under any and all conditions. Taylor, the other guard, has been playing the most consistently good game of any man on the team, and his work this season bids fair to excel the standard he set last year. Lea, tackle until the last few days, has not done himself justice this year, but now that he has got at work, there is not likely to be any difficulty at his point of the line. The other tackle, Holly, has been prevented from work by the recurrence of the stomach ailment which was his *bête noire* for the greater part of last season. It is even possible that he may not play in the game against Pennsylvania, in which event Church will fill his place. While Church is not considered such a high-class tackle as Holly at his best, he is none the less a good man, and has worked hard, and put up a consistently excellent game throughout the latter part of the season.

On the ends Brown has been by all odds putting up the star game, though it must be acknowledged, in Trenchard's favor, that his few weeks at quarter lost him much valuable practice. It is not likely that either of them will be found wanting on November 10th.

The centre position has remained somewhat open by reason of the improved play of Crowdis and the corresponding falling off of Riggs. There seems little likelihood, however, of the former displacing the latter. Riggs has the football in him, and some of the work I have seen him do this year leads me to believe that he will work into such form before the end of the season as to entirely make up for the loss of Balliett. His especial improvement has been along the line of breaking through his man and getting into play. He is very strong, has the necessary weight, and is active enough to be able to keep pace with the kicking game. It is in this particular, too, that Wheeler and Taylor will shine, for the game, as played under the new rules, demands a lot of running up and down the field by the guards, and both are active as well as strong. In fact, the entire Princeton line is individually very strong and very active, and the kicking game ought to be just to their liking.

The real question, that nothing but a hard contest can decide, is how the Princeton backs will show up. A great deal will depend on their work; in fact, everything, for the best work of the forwards will not counterbalance poor work on their part in the present style of play.

I have neglected to mention Reiter as a half-back candidate who may be called upon. He is a Freshman, and has had little experience, but his work has been very good and his improvement rapid. He tackles well, hits the line hard, but is slow in starting. Princeton has, in fact, several green men who are promising, but that does not suffice for a hard test game, and unless some big strides are taken by the present candidates the orange and black will be weak behind the line when it meets Pennsylvania.

The Princeton-Pennsylvania game will unquestionably be an extraordinarily interesting struggle. Each is exceptionally strong where the other is weak. Princeton's forwards are the most formidable that Pennsylvania has ever faced, while Pennsylvania's backs for individual strength are the best that university has ever had. It would be hard to duplicate for speed, kicking, and hitting the line four such men on any one team as Knipe, Brooke, Gelbert, and Osgood, and yet with all their qualifications they have failed thus far this season in making a combination anything like so strong as their individual prowess would warrant. In fact, Pennsylvania's work has been disappointing latterly, especially as they started out so well. It is true that they have in their games played only a little less satisfactorily than any one of the other large university teams, but theirs was the showing of ignorance more often than not, while that of Princeton and Yale was the showing of indifference. Of the two, ignorance is more excusable, but that does not better the team's chances if they do not speedily work out of it.

To talk of winners this year, with its kicking game and open style of play, is extremely hazardous. We have seen Harvard, Yale, and Princeton all scored on by teams which they have eventually beaten, and it would not be strange, therefore, if an eleven so strong behind the line as Pennsylvania should do likewise. If the game were the same this year as last, it would look at this writing as if Princeton would win from University of Pennsylvania next Saturday by the largest score they have made against them for the past three years. The Princeton line is so strong it seems it should be able to make holes for its backs for gains as often as it liked, while, on the other hand, being able to prevent even Pennsylvania's hard-hitting backs from getting through. But the game is not as it was last year. There will be a great deal of kicking undoubtedly, and if Princeton's backs show up no better than they have thus far in public, they are likely to be the cause of Pennsylvania's getting a touch-down. It must be remembered that this style of game is new, and all the teams are playing it this year on an equal footing, so far as practical knowledge goes. In the old style of game we knew the skill and traditions of the universities, and could calculate somewhat on their comparative showing. Therefore to venture a prediction which may or may not be fulfilled, according to how much skill is developed and how much good luck falls to either, would be nothing more nor less than a guess. Princeton's backs are all pretty sure on a catch, and that much is considerably in their favor, for they will be tested very frequently without a doubt. If they prove equal to the demands, if their part in the kicking and catching is only without mistakes, then it seems as though Princeton should win, even against Pennsylvania's fine array of backs, who excel Princeton's in running and kicking, though not in catching.

It will be the first big game of the year, and the first real opportunity of seeing what can be done with the kicking and more open style of play between two teams that are evenly matched. It will likewise furnish a line on the ingenuity of the respective coaches of the elevens. There has never been greater opportunity for new and novel play, and we shall see how much the chance has been improved upon. The very arrangement of the men at the kick-off gives ample scope for scientific distribution, while the generalship of the captains will be severely tested. The captain that shows the greatest expediency and resource under the many variety of kicks his team will be called upon to handle is likely to be a winner this year.

Yale alone of the big college elevens has not revealed her real football strength. The strength of her back field has been shown on several occasions, but thus far it has been impossible for even the Yale coaches to tell how the rush-line will be finally arranged. It is safe to say the Yale backs—Butterworth, Thorne, and Dewitt will play—will be a very strong trio, and in this respect Yale at present seems to be ahead of her rivals. Hinkey and Greenway will be as strong as of old on the ends, and Murphy can be depended on at right tackle; but here real strength ends, and the rest of the line is uncertain and disappointing. It is surprising that veteran players like Hickok and McCrea—men who have every natural qualification for their positions—should show up so indifferently in this most important season. High tackling, failure to take advantage of any failing in their opponents, and at times actually going under to men who are by no means their equal in strength or experience, have made their work this season very discouraging. These men were fortunate the first year they played in having such tackles as Winter and Wallis to help them out. Thus they gained rather more reputation than they really deserved, and last year had to work hard, as they did, to live up to it. This year neither of them has approached last year's form, but Hickok at least will undoubtedly work into his old form. Stillman will undoubtedly play centre, and, generally speaking, his work has been least affected by the listless spirit shown by his guards. Heffelfinger spent a week at New Haven actually playing against these men, and their play improved proportionately.

Beard will be playing at left tackle soon again, and if the guards can be whipped into shape, he seems to be the best man Yale has for the place. He may be tried at guard, but is not likely to stay there, as his place could not be filled at tackle, and Yale will manage to bring her guards into shape in season.

Yale's game with West Point showed the former in its weakest exhibition. Hinkey and Murphy did not play, and without them Yale's line was fairly outplayed by the cadets. Time and again were the Yale backs caught back of the line, while the team was unable to get any interference whatsoever. The backs played a splendid individual game, and Butterworth's punting and Thorne's fierce dashes alone saved the eleven from actual defeat. Yale's second touch-down was due to West Point's full-back losing his head, and not letting Butterworth's punt roll over the line. He tried for the ball, and Yale's end rusher scored a touch-down. Murray and Cross at tackles could not stop the hard drives of the cadets, and were outplayed by their opponents. Hickok and McCrea permitted two inexperienced and lighter men to hold them safe throughout the game. It seems odd that one never hears of the Yale guards outplaying any one this season. West Point scored on a beautiful drop kick by Duncan from the twenty-five-yard line. The cadets had brought the ball from the middle of the field and earned their chance at goal.

West Point played a hard scientific game, their tackling was sharp and low, and they frequently threw their men back. Both their offensive and defensive work was excellent, and they seem to be showing a better game than Annapolis.

Summing up the Yale situation, there is a great hubbub at New Haven just now. The coaches are assuring the men that they are worse than useless, and the men are being worked as they have not been before, while every Yale man refers to his eleven as "rank." But we may rest assured that we shall see Hickok play as well as ever he did when the time comes, while, with the possible exception of McCrea, no changes in the line are apt to be made. Back of the line, quarter is a bit uncertain. Adee has been laid up, and may not be able to reach form. Jerrams is very slow getting the ball back, and there is talk of Armstrong. The team's practice will be secret from now on, but we may count on a team up to the usual Yale standard.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(Revised by the new Rules.)—By Walter Camp.—Illustrated.—Price $1 25.—Harper & Brothers.

No game of the season has shown more clearly the weakness of weak points and the strength of strong points in any team than the Harvard-Cornell game on October 27th. Harvard's strength in the first half of that game, her weakness in the second half, and the ease with which Cornell pushed ahead through Norton Shaw's position were as great surprises to the Harvard management as to the spectators. One would hardly believe the same eleven could play so differently in the first and second halves of the game. There is, however, a reason for this, and the Harvard team did not really do itself justice against Cornell. In the first place, Mr. Lathrop, the trainer of the eleven, has not allowed his men to play more than fifteen or twenty minutes at a time throughout the season. It is his object to bring the men into proper condition to play the two thirty-five-minute halves of the Yale game, and as this does not take place until the 24th, he is quite right in saying that the Harvard men should not really be able to play their strongest game for two thirty-minute halves as early in the season as October 27th. In one case, if they could do this, they would be sure to become stale long before the 24th of November; and in the other case, they should not have been allowed to play so long. Still, it was a good lesson for the management in more ways than one, and, on the whole, therefore, the drop in Harvard's play during the second half does not mean a corresponding weakness in the football capabilities of the Harvard eleven.

Harvard's game in other details, however, is hard to appreciate. Brewer, for example, one of the best players back of the line that any team could have, made some of the strangest plays for a football man—one who has played three years, too—that can be imagined. He deliberately turned his back upon the ball once, and let it bound away from him, instead of running with more vigor and catching, or at least trying to catch it. It is hard to believe that an old football man could do such a thing. Then, too, his missing two punts, and giving Cornell a touch-down each time, was absolutely inexcusable. But the reason for these faults is not far to find. Brewer is a steady player, always doing moderately well in practice, and not needing the amount of attention that weaker players require. Consequently Brewer and his kicking have been neglected by the coachers. Any one could see during the Cornell game that he stood too near the line, and both punts that were stopped went off the end of his toe instead of starting from his instep, and a "toe" punt is sure to go low—easily stopped, therefore. Norton Shaw is not a strong man either. He is vigorous, interested, tries hard, but he is green, and does not know the game. Possibly he could be licked into shape before the Yale game, but it will be a difficult matter to do this. Right guard is pretty sure to be a weak spot, for there appears to be no one better than Shaw. The change in the second half, substituting Foster for Wrenn at quarter, showed how much superior the latter is to the former, not so much because the whole team played a poorer game, but because Wrenn used his head in choosing his plays, while Foster did not. Indeed, Wrenn is a far better man, for though Foster plays a better individual game—tackles, gets through with more vigor and quickness—Wrenn is infinitely better in generalship, and there is no question that he is the better man for the place. Judging from what Fairchild has done, and from what they are practising him on, now that his injured neck is improving, it seems probable that he will fill full-back's position, Brewer going to half-back. This will strengthen the backs, for Fairchild is a strong tackler, a cool head, and a good drop-kicker.

The practice at Cambridge from now on will be secret, and hence it will be difficult to give any very definite idea of the team in future; but at the present writing it is safe to say that the team, as a whole, will be strong and quick. There has been so little team-play and interference until this week that the work of the eleven has looked ragged. It is, however, evident that the individuals on the team, with a few exceptions, play their own individual games quickly and well. What they need is combination—team-play, a scheme of systematic interference. And all these things are being taken up this week. As for the probable team it is difficult to say who will fill certain positions. Emmons will of course be at left end. Left tackle is doubtful. Manahan may play, but they need a better man. Mackie at left guard is practically sure of his place. Frank Shaw, at centre, is being coached by Lewis, and seems to promise pretty well for his position. At right guard Norton Shaw is not up to the point, as we have said, and it is a great question if he can be made fit to hold the place. But if not Shaw—who? Waters, at right tackle, is hardly in trim yet, but he can fill his position well when he is fairly warmed up to the work. On the right end A. Brewer is perhaps as good as anybody in the line. He is strong, heavy, fast, and sure. Wrenn should be quarter, without question, for the reasons already given. If Fairchild can be made a good man at full back, Charles Brewer should be at right, and Wrightington at left half. The team, therefore, is pretty sure, except at full back, left tackle, and right guard, and work is being put on these three positions now day by day.

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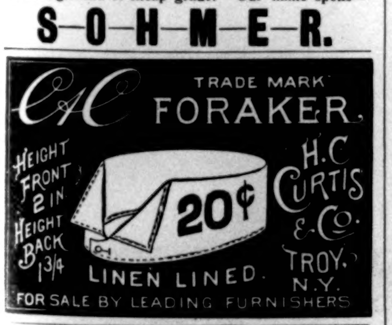

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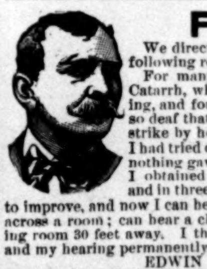

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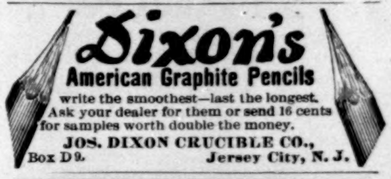

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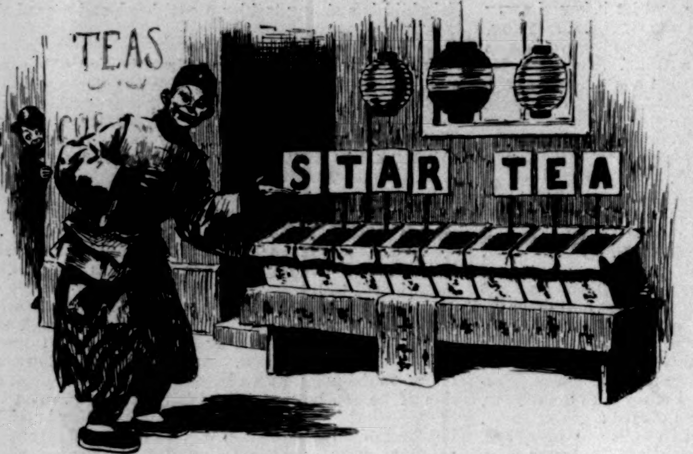
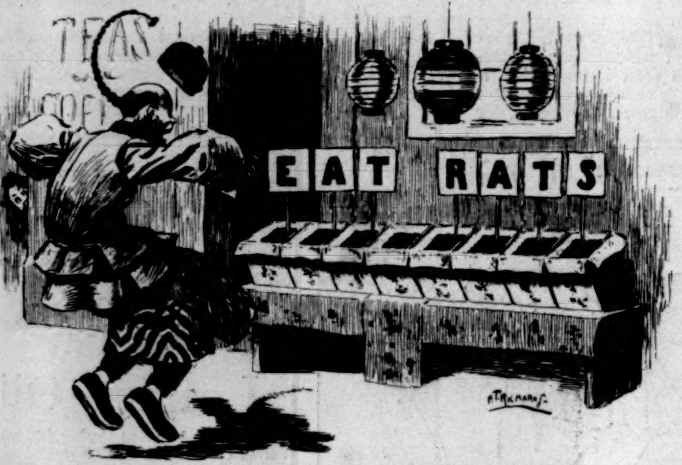


CHING. "Me advlertizee allee samee Melicans. Bling lots of tea blizness."



CHING (*ten minutes later*). "Oh, hangee Melican bloy! Spoilee advlertisement. Knockee dickens out o' tea blizness!"

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F. Bismarck, Dec. 8, 1:30 P.M., for Algiers, Naples, Genoa.
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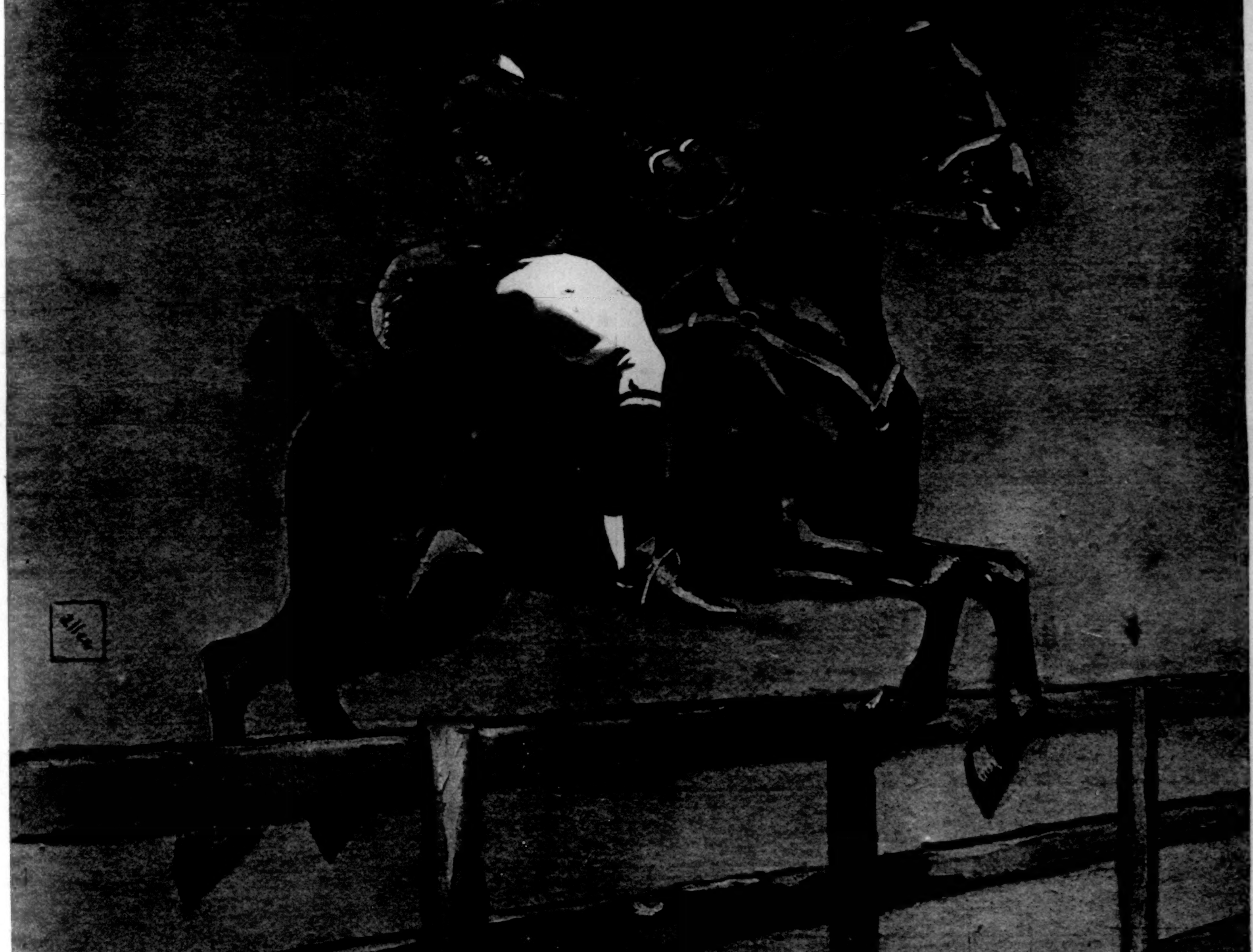

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